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VOLUME 23 NUMBER 9

INTERNATIONAL club

club

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NAUGHTY NURSEY!

TINA GIVES YOU MUFF TO MOUTH INSIDE

GOSH!

JOIN SEX TWINS BARBIE AND BOBBIE IN BED

GUSH!

OUR FOUR-GIRL ORGY IS DRIPPING WITH SEX

GUFF!

THE JERKY BOYS LET OFF STEAM

BIFF!

A SUPER-SEX-MODEL ON EVERY PAGE

BANG!

LUSTY LEZZIES TALKIN' BLUE

POW!

DANGEROUS OBJECTS OF DESIRE

9 770955 181024 09

THIS MONTH IN CLUB

TEASE!

CLUB INTERNATIONAL Volume Twenty Three Number Nine

Thought of the month:
"Tonight I feel like going home and getting absolutely fucking SOBER!" – Max, 1994

Publisher : Stephen Bleach
Editor: Rob Swift
Production Editor: Richard Guy
Sub Editor: Max Vinall
Art Director: Ian Midson
Deputy Art Director: Rod Edwards
Chief Executive: Carl Snitcher
Group Advertising Director: Sherif Ghali
Classified Advertising: Karina Good
Circulation Director: Mark Quinn

page 5
Melanie

page 12
Tina

10.00 am Wednesday: Jesus, I feel like shit. Last night was spent sitting on a wobbly stool outside the Three Greyhounds public house in seediest Soho getting absolutely trashed. Today I'm paying the price. Why is it that for every little night of merriment there's a whole day of crushing punishment? I mean, all I did was go for a quick drink on the way home with the deputy editor, Richard, and our mate Howie, and before you could say 'Cheeerzz' I was mind-numbingly mashed and giving everyone within earshot my theories on the world, tits and the shocking price of cherry tomatoes. Don't get me wrong, it's not that I can't take my drink. I just can't take what it does to me.

But perhaps the most disturbing thing about the whole sorry episode was that despite drinking about nine pints, Howie remained solidly sober. Or at least that's how he appeared from where I was lying. Maybe that's because Howie's in the rock business. Those bastards can really take their booze. He didn't even wobble once on his hourly trips to the toilet. I was in such a state I nearly fell down it. And talking of toilets, that's where I'm off to right now...

"It's not that I can't take my drink. I just can't take what it does to me"

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4 Play

1.00 pm: Richard has had to go home nursing a sore head. Fucking lightweight. Me, I'm going to see it through till six even if it kills me, which is a distinct possibility judging by the state of my bowels. Howie's just been on the phone saying that when he finally rolled home last night his missus took one look at him and said, 'You're absolutely arseholed, aren't you!' So much for the rock biz boozer.

Howie also reminded me that he's getting us an interview with his mates The Manic Street Preachers later this week, which was news to me. But very good news, I might add. This country needs a

page
Barbara
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few more mad men like them. It makes people like us feel normal.

6.00 pm: Told you I'd do it! It's the end of the day and I'm still here. Course, I feel like I've been pulled through with a fir tree but at least I can honestly stand up and say I've done a fair day's work for a fair day's pay. Well, I've managed to write this, anyway. The phone's been ringing all bloody day and for some reason everyone's shouting down it and telling me what an insolent bastard I was last night. The punishment just goes on, but at least I've got this month's issue of Club to cheer me up! Now I'm off home. But I think I'll just, err, drop in at the Greyhounds and have a, err, quick drink with Howie on the way... The Ed.♣

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Jemma
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in the bag

We've got the dirtiest readers there are! Send in your lewd letters to: In The Bag, Club International, 2 Archer Street, London W1V 7HF

MY FAVOURITE THING

Your photographs have been flooding in since we asked you to send in snaps of the things closest to your heart. This month Pete Franklin from Bristol sent us this snap of his skateboard. An original from the 70s, Pete has lovingly adapted it with wooden risers and added a new set of wheels. "It's my favourite thing," he told us proudly. Thanks, Pete – you're a star! Come on, folks, get those pics in to 2 Archer Street, London W1V 7HF. ♣

MORE, MORE, MORE

After looking through the latest issue of Club (Vol 23 No 7), I just had to write in and compliment you on a great issue.

My name is Tammy, I'm 19 years old with long blonde hair, a curvy figure and I reckon that I wouldn't look out of place in your magazine myself. I must admit that I'm left stunned by the girls that you feature each month, but this issue was special: Marie, Caitlin, Kate, Tabitha – all of them looked amazing, but one girl in particular caught my eye. I'm talking about Chrissy...

She has superb tits, a lovely trim body and curvy bum. I've never had a lesbian encounter, but I'm pretty sure that I could easily be tempted by Chrissy. I'd relish the chance to get into a 69 position and then work hard to make sure that both of us were left thoroughly satisfied.

I'll have to stop now as I'm finding it difficult to write while trying not to wank! Let's see more of Chrissy soon – I don't think I could bear not to see her again! – *Tammy, Leicester*

Good news, Tammy! If you turn to page 39, then you can see a whole lot more of Chrissy. – The Ed

HOT LOVE!

I've just returned from a holiday in Greece with my girlfriend Amy, and thought I'd write in to Club and tell your readers about the horny time that I had.

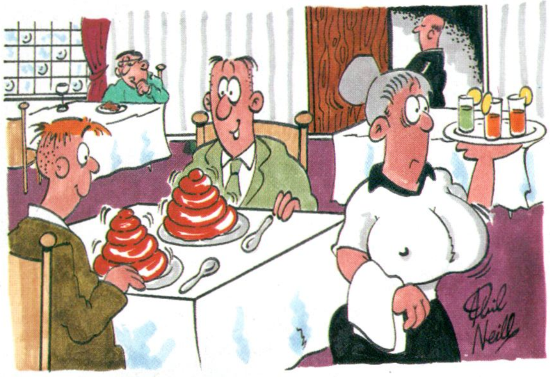
After a few days of mediocre weather we had a bit of a heat wave and eventually had to retire to the shade of our hotel room to escape the scorching sun. We were both sitting out on the balcony, enjoying a few drinks and chatting when Amy suddenly turned to me. "I can't stand this heat any longer," she said pouring her icy drink all down the front of her swimsuit. Then she took a bottle of mineral water and poured about half of that out too.

She settled back in the chair and all I could do was drool over the sight of her shiny clingy swimsuit and her erect nipples which were now clearly protruding. Amy is quite 'top-heavy' (36DD) and her boobs looked wonderful – I couldn't keep my eyes off them. She fixed me with a lusty stare and then pulled her swimsuit down, pouring more water over her boobs and running her fingertips over her nipples. "Do you want a drink to cool down?" she purred sexily. In an instant I was down on my knees in front of her, eagerly lapping the water from her boobs.

My tongue traced the drips down between her boobs, over her stomach and down to her crotch. Easing aside her swimming costume, I lapped the water from her bush and then began to tease her love-lips with my tongue. I searched out her clitty and flicked my tongue over her swollen bud. "I want you to fuck me," she breathed heavily. "Do it to me right here."

Our balcony overlooked the hotel's swimming pool, but fortunately we had towels draped over the rails drying and Amy leant against those and slipped off her swimming costume. "Try me from behind," she said, pushing her curvy bum in my face.

I took off my shorts and moved towards her. My hands went around her front and I cupped her boobs as I



Wow! Look at them buggers wobble!

KINKY BOOKS?

Who needs fetish books when you've got Club? Well, somebody's obviously buying them, says **Pierre Vert**. ...

Have you got any pictures of women wearing leather or PVC? Then why not publish a coffee-table fetish book? The shops are packed with these £10 tomes of moodily-lit and supposedly sexy snaps which might tease the tadger of some upper-class git in Guilford, but do very little for us Club readers. Eric Kroll's *Fetish Girls* is the latest. The pictures in this are clear and occasionally in colour but this isn't usually the case, as our guide to kinky photo books reveals...

❑ Number of pages: Size doesn't matter in pervy publishing, in fact the fewer pages the better – for the author at least. However the paper should be thick – to stop it keeling over on the shelf of WH Smiths.

❑ Words: Preferably none. If you need to pad the pictures out, put two sentences in the middle of a blank page.

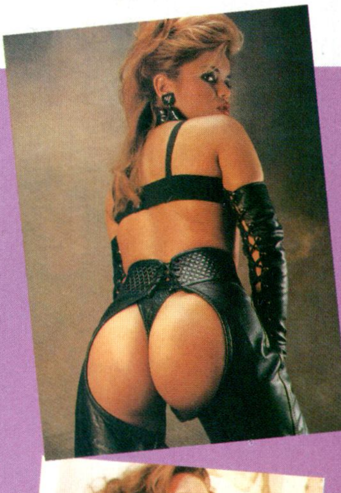
❑ Photographs: Should be black-and-white, out-of-focus and grainy, but with a colour cover to con people into paying £10 for it.

❑ Subjects: The following shots are essential...

1. A pair of six-inch high heels in close-up.

2. A bottom in skintight rubber.

3. A tight-fitting basque with loads of



THERE IS NO TRUTH IN THE RUMOURS...

That Tony Slattery deliberately got his knob out during the recording of *Whose Line Is It Anyway?* and kept making jokes about it afterwards, so editing it out was impossible... That Eric Morecambe, far from being the loveable man of British comedy, was actually a bad-tempered old git... That Jack Dee drives an MG Widget... That Mini-driving Mr Bean, Rowan Atkinson, owns loads of expensive cars... That Danny Baker was overheard by one of Club's staff telling his secretary, "What you have to understand is that I'm God!"... That Chris Evans will make an absolute bloody fortune from sales of *Don't Forget Your Toothbrush*, even though it wasn't his idea... That former PM, Margaret Thatcher is to star in *Coronation Street* – as the long lost sister of Bet Lynch. ♣

slowly eased my cock inside her tight snatch. Amy pushed back hard as we built up a nice, easy pace. It felt deliciously wicked to be fucking in such a public place and Amy even waved at some of the other guests in the pool as they looked up to see where the grunting sounds where coming from!

Amy's legs started to buckle under her as I

continued on page 29

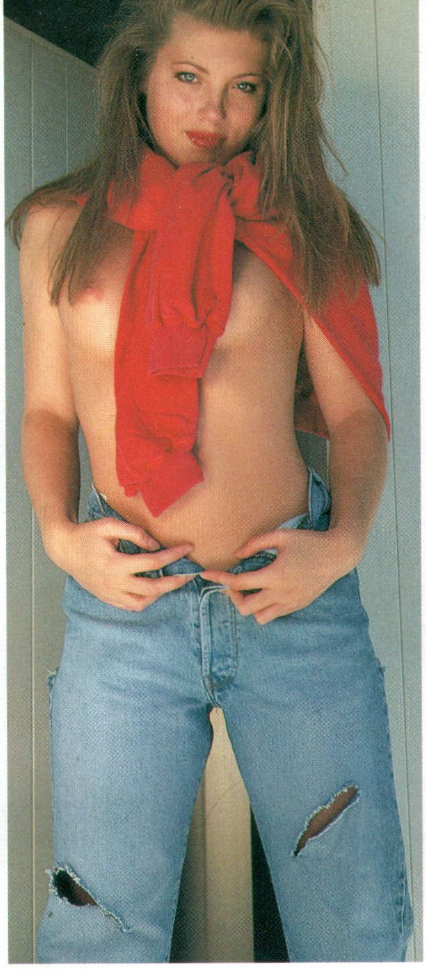
ample cleavage.
4. A bit of mild bondage and a bird with a whip.
5. A muscular black guy covered in baby oil and wearing leather trousers.

☐ Back cover: Must contain a blurb by the publisher saying the following: "For many years Ernest Dogsbollox has been capturing the sensuality of women through the medium of photography. At last here is a collection of his previously unpublished work..." Translated this means he's a dirty old man who takes mucky pictures to wank over at home, which is why you've never heard of him.

Not that any of this is true of Eric, of course, as his book is actually ace and is available for the princely sum of only £9.95. ♣

Photographs by Michael Moore

Can you believe that 19-year-old Melanie has never taken her clothes off anywhere before? Nope, neither could we – but Melanie was more than keen to remedy the situation by making her debut in Club. "It's not that I'm shy or anything," insists



the Brighton belle, "it's just that nobody had actually asked me before! It's always been a fantasy of mine to pose naked in your magazine," squeals Melanie excitedly, her fingers slowly easing her jeans down over her ankles. "I don't think that I've had as much as I did on the day of the shoot, peeling off my clothes and then showing off my naked body. Just goes to prove that if you don't ask, then you don't get!"♣

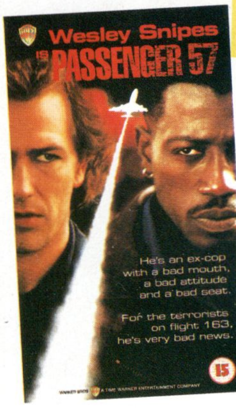
PLANE SAILING

Couch potato, **Dean Isherwood,** reviews the latest video releases for like-minded individuals...

Passenger 57
Warner Bros Video
Certificate:15

Wesley Snipes is fast becoming a huge box-office draw as an action-man and *Passenger 57* has been his most successful film to date. Unlike Stallone and Schwarzenegger, Snipes proves that he can act rather well and plays this role with a healthy dose of (black) humour.

In *Passenger 57* Snipes plays John Cutter, an airline security agent who finds himself on the same flight as Charles Rane, a charming yet fearless terrorist whose has escaped his police escort whilst on-board.


Wesley Snipes
IS PASSENGER 57
He's an ex-cop with a bad mouth, a bad attitude and a bad seat.
For the terrorists on flight 163, he's very bad news.
15
A TIME WARNER ENTERTAINMENT COMPANY

This film is a fairly standard action romp in the skies, although Snipes elevates the proceedings with one-liners that are as lethal as his punches. A funny, violent and entertaining film which also boasts a small part *(Oooh-err! – The Ed)* from the beautifully proportioned Elizabeth Hurley.

Rating: ✓✓✓✓

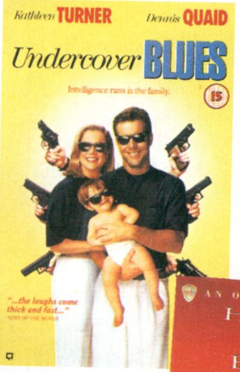
Undercover Blues
MGM/UA Video
Certificate: 15

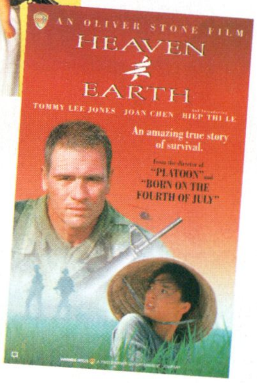
Kathleen Turner and Dennis Quaid have had more turkeys between them recently than Bernard Mathews, so it seems practically suicidal to pair the two of them together in a film.

Undercover Blues is the 'hilarious' story of two retired intelligence agents who marry, have a baby and then move to New Orleans for a life of diapers and domesticity. But wouldn't you just know it – their newfound peace is disturbed by a gang of terrorists and our husband-and-wife team leap into action one last time.

I'll be blunt, this film is a waste of celluloid. I'd sooner get into a steamy 69 session with Jo Brand than have to sit through this pile of shit again.

Rating: ✓


Kathleen TURNER
Dennis QUAID
Undercover BLUES
Intelligence runs in the family.
15
"...the laughs come thick and fast..."
NEWS OF THE WORLD


AN OLIVER STONE FILM
HEAVEN & EARTH
TOMMY LEE JONES
JOAN CHEN
HIEP THI LE
An amazing true story of survival.
From the director of "PLATOON" and "BORN ON THE FOURTH OF JULY"

Heaven And Earth
Warner Bros
Certificate: 15

The third part in a trilogy from Oliver Stone, this film follows *Platoon* and *Born On The Fourth Of July*. While *Platoon* was Boys' Own-action in the jungle and the follow-up seemed to be a vehicle to prove that Tom Cruise could handle a meaty role, *Heaven And Earth* tells the Vietnam story from a woman's perspective.

The film spans four decades in the life of Le Ly (Joan Chen), from the idyllic days farming rice through the Vietnam War and on to her marriage to an American Marine (Tommy Lee Jones). There's enough bangs, crashes and explosions to keep the lads interested and it's soppy enough for the girls too.

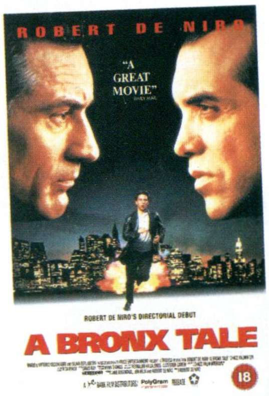
Rating: ✓✓✓

A Bronx Tale
Polygram Video
Certificate: 18

It was only a matter of time before Robert De Niro got round to directing a film and *A Bronx Tale* finds him on familiar ground.

Set in the New York of the 1960s, Calogero is a nine-year-old boy who lives with his parents in the tough Italian district. His father, Lorenzo (De Niro), is determined that his son should grow up to be a respected member of the community, but Calogero finds himself attracted by the glamorous world of the Mafia, personified by the enigmatic Sonny.

One day, Calogero witnesses a shooting outside his home, but refuses to identify Sonny as the assassin. From then on he spends more time with the mob, serving cappuccinos and learning the code of the streets.


ROBERT DE NIRO
"A GREAT MOVIE"
DAILY MAIL
ROBERT DE NIRO'S DIRECTORIAL DEBUT
A BRONX TALE
PolyGram
18

The ground is now set for a struggle between Lorenzo and Sonny, with Calogero stuck in the middle. You're never left in any doubt that Calogero will eventually see the error of his ways, although it takes a series of violent events to do so.

De Niro is excellent, but it's the supporting cast – made up of unknowns and non-professionals – that make the film. Their performances are top-notch and De Niro does an excellent job in bringing the whole thing together. The result is a great, if slightly sentimental, film that proves Bob can do no wrong.

Rating: ✓✓✓✓✓ ♣

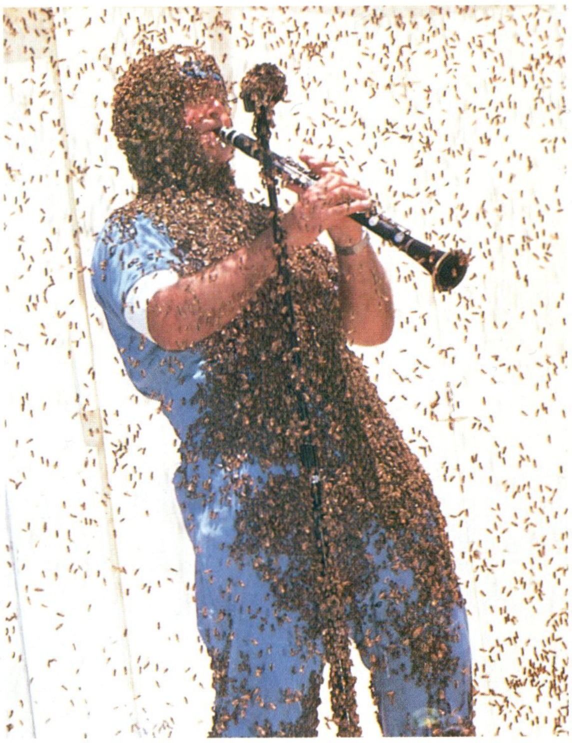
RATINGS

unmissable, a classic ✓✓✓✓✓✓
definitely worth watching ✓✓✓✓✓
fairly good ✓✓✓✓
average ✓✓✓
yawn, fast forward ✓✓
appalling ✓

STUPID BUZZ-TARD

When Norman Gary decided to get himself a beehive hairdo, he reckoned it would cause more of a buzz if he used real bees. The flea-brained Californian not only covers his head with the stinging little bastards but completely covers his chin and chest with them too, keeping it nice and neat with a fine-toothed honeycomb *(Tee-bloody-he! – The Ed)*. No, he's not trying to break a record (except possibly for the most hydrocortisone ointment bought in a year), he's just a twat!

Bumbling idiot Gary doesn't even know how many bees he has. "It's somewhere between 200,000 and a

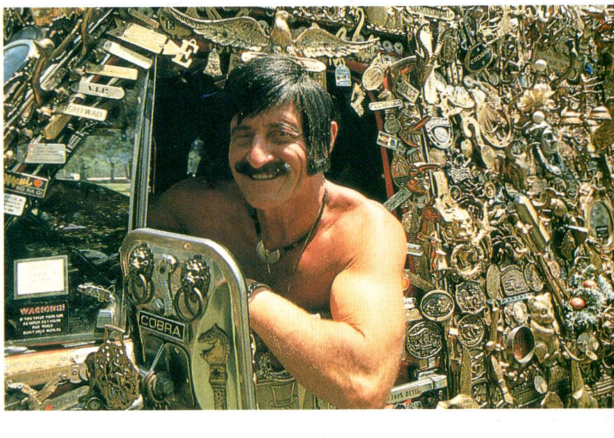


WHEELY GREAT

What is it about van drivers? They all insist on doing something stupid to their vehicles. Some paint flames round the wheel arches of their Transit, others fill them with fur in an attempt to turn them into a fanny magnet. Ernie Steingold covers his in ornaments.

The Los Angeles looney has turned his Chevy van into a charm bracelet completely covered with the sort of brass bollocks you usually only find in gift shops. Now it rattles worse than a rented one and is too heavy to travel faster than 20 mph even when it's empty. Worse still, it only does five miles to the gallon – of Brasso!

Why is it that in Britain you can't even keep a set of hub caps or wing mirrors on your motor, yet in America they can cover their cars with anything and nobody touches it? Still, if you're stuck for a set of fire tongs or a bed warmer like the one they have hanging in pubs, you know where to nick one from, don't you? ♣



million," he says vaguely. So we sent our bee-utiful reporter, Val Dessert, all the way to California to interview him.

"What do you do it for? Honey?" she asked wittily.

"Sorry, I can't hear you," replied the bizarre beekeeper blankly. "You see, I've got this dreadful buzzing in my ears!" ♣

TAKE THE CREDIT

Hi there, flexible friends, and welcome to the Leaning Tower Of Visa for the Credit Card Collecting Championships. You join us as the winner, Fred The Fraud, shows off his collection of plastic acquired from wallets all over the overdrawn Western world.

"That'll do nicely," say the judges as he flashes his billions of Barclaycards, millions of Mastercards and an American Express one he got to stop the company sending him application forms. Fred has a total credit limit big enough to pay off the Third World debt – or a Ploughman's Lunch and a pint in a pub in Soho.

What you can't see is the warehouse storing Fred's collection of crap magazines, loan offers and other rubbish that is sent with his monthly statements. These are to be entered in the Junk Mail Collecting Championships to be held next month. The winner receives a golf ball initialiser with clock as provided by one of the catalogues.

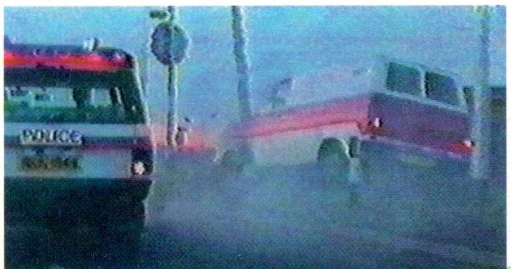
Our hobby correspondent says, "If you want to collect credit cards, you might like to know that you can get the signatures off with watered-down brake fluid." ♣

SHOPPING LIST

Anyone for a touch of Frost this weekend? **Adam Porter** looks at Sadie's new film, *Shopping*, and investigates the art of ram-raiding that inspired it

Shopping is a load of shite. Not shopping as in going to the supermarket on a Saturday when you would be rather be at the football match, but *Shopping* the film, starring Sadie Frost, Jude Law and Sean Pertwee. Supposedly a fresh-faced look at car-crime and ram-raiding, it is an *Absolute Beginners*-style luvvie fantasy story with very little reality attached to it. Shame. But what do you expect from the British film industry?

Car-crime is nothing new. Ever since the car first hit the highways and byways of this country, they've been getting nicked. The fact is that up until now there were nowhere near as many cars in the country to steal. Put simply, what do you expect when there are 24 million cars in the UK with a population of only 53 million? They are going to get nicked.



> *"I like having chases with the police and I like to see how fast the cars can go"*

Back in the 'good old days' – as people are fond of reminding us – there was no such thing. Bollocks, there was just nothing decent to steal. There were no videos, CD players or Sierra Cosworth's to take and thieving was confined to what was available: fruit and veg, the odd bag and 'street robbery'. Now there is far more of a variety of targets.

Shopping displays car theft as some kind of glamour sport committed by pseudo-intellectual drop-outs who are determined to undermine society. This load of patronising crap shows the lack of research that the film's creators undertook. Even more worrying is the possibility that they did undertake research into car crime, but didn't like what they found so they decided to ignore it.

The majority of car crime in this country is carried out by boys of 16 and 17 years of age. To some it is a way of life, to many it's a way to escape life in a shitty estate or care institution. Like soccer hooliganism, there is no doubt that it is a crime, once undertaken, that enhances standing within gangs. The major study of car criminals carried out by the Mid Glamorgan Council (a notorious blackspot area) and their police force made many interesting discoveries.

The main reason for stealing cars was due to the buzz. Car crime is a means of escape from a life that offers young men absolutely nothing. It isn't strictly a case of being anti-authoritarian, of being egged on or of being 'mindless', as the press like to think, it is far more complicated than that.

As one young thief put it, "Different people get different things out of it. People like having chases with the police, they like to see how fast they can go. Like I don't nick cars all the time, sometimes I do, but other times I nick them just to get out of the area."

Another ex-offender, who has since stopped, could view it all a little bit clearer. "We all have different reasons. It's just the level of understanding you have at that point of time. There comes a point when they say knowledge is dangerous, when you do things that you only know a little bit about, but you know that you shouldn't really do them. You have no respect for the law... you only respect it when you decide to. At that time I didn't."

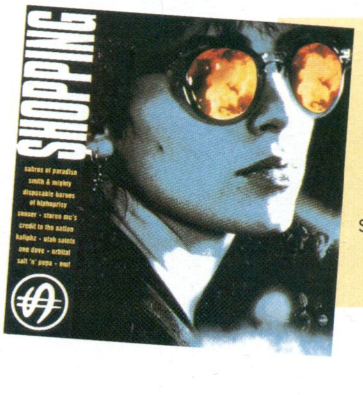
It seems that nicking cars is just "something to do". In the main it comes from boredom. The fact that what you are stealing is big, expensive and potentially lethal makes no odds.

One of the reasons that car crime suddenly became more interesting to the media was that over a period of ten years the cars went up in value. Instead of opting for old bangers, boys started nicking Vauxhalls, BMWs and Sierras. "If it was older than a 'C' reg, I wouldn't touch it," claims one lad.

There is no doubt that the consequences of car theft, especially the death of innocent passers-by, is something not to be ignored. Car theft is one thing, irresponsibility in the driver's seat is another. Few, if any, of the Glamorgan report lads believed that they would ever be involved in an accident. It just didn't occur to them as a possibility. Often one gang would steal up to ten cars in a night. They would steal a crap car that was local and easy to get into, then they'd drive to a more upmarket neighbourhood in order to steal a more fancy model. Such methodology is not rational, not though out, yet complex and difficult to understand. There is no mindlessness in stealing cars. Irrational yes, mindless no.

Perhaps the biggest case of media manipulation is that of ram-raiding. The use of cars and vans to ram shop windows has been with us since the 1950s, but the media treat it as something completely new. There are also very few cases and the fact is that ram-raiding is just not a cost-effective way of stealing goods. Ram-raiding, though a real occurrence, is rarely kept up by gangs for any period of time. Of course, you wouldn't know that if you were to watch *Shopping* though.

There's no doubt that car crime is a gritty and grotty thing to do. It's an activity born out of economic jealousy and social boredom. It's no different to the lads who kicked off outside football grounds. It's about anger, youth, disrespect, adrenaline and growing up. It's about anarchy and hopelessness and for that at least you'd be a hypocrite to condemn it. Just make sure you've got a good steering lock. ♣



COMPETITION

The film may be complete crap, but the soundtrack sure kicks ass – and we've got five copies to give away! Featuring **Senser**, **Kaliphz** and **Sabres Of Paradise**, you can pretend you've seen the film and then rave on for hours about the great music. Just write in and tell us what is the best thing you've shoplifted from Sainsbury's. The best five win a copy of the CD and a week's safari in Kenya (courtesy of HM Young Offenders Rehabilitation Scheme). ♣

Photgraphs by Maria Clarke

tina hayes sex babe!

Hello there everyone! It's Tina here – or Nurse Hayes to you – and I hope you're all feeling in the best of health, 'cos if you're not I may just have to take a look at you...

Yes, I promised something special for my first shoot in Club, so I just hope that I'm raising all your temperatures with my saucy version of Florence Nightingale. I've always loved nurses' uniforms; the black stockings, high heels and tight-fitting dress are guaranteed to set my heart racing – and I trust they're doing the same to you!

I'm sure it's the Doctor that's supposed to do the examinations – but I'm not sure I could help myself if I had a ward full of men! I'd just have to pull the screens around and make sure I checked everything: pulse, blood pressure and heart rate. Of course, with you lot there could only be one diagnosis – acute nymphomania – and I think it's catching... See you all next month! ♣

Tina
xx

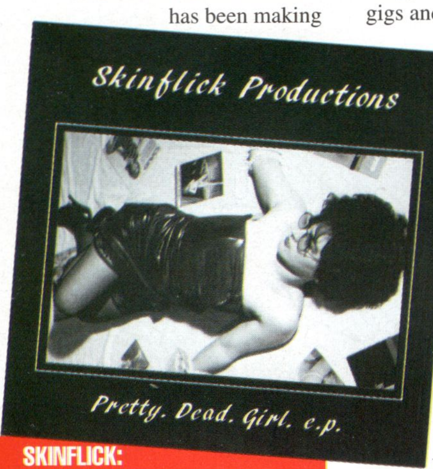
If you want TINA to fulfil your fantasy, then write to her at: Club International, 2 Archer Street, London W1V 7HF. If you'd like a signed photo, include a large stamped self-addressed envelope.

HIPS, LIPS, TITS & HITS

Wanna have a big-selling LP? Why not make a film with girls with huge tits and then release the soundtrack? It worked for Russ Meyer, says **James T Bone**...

This month sees the release of one of the most eagerly awaited albums in years. No, I'm not talking about the new Rolling Stones LP, but two lavishly-produced CDs from that purveyor of big-breasted babes, **Russ Meyer**.

The notorious film-maker has been making movies for almost 20 years featuring the sort of women who are so voluptuous you'd swear that they've been straying dangerously close to the Sizewell B Nuclear Reprocessing Plant. He has indulged his passion for women with a lot up top in such legendary films as *Faster Pussycat! Kill! Kill!*, *Up!* and *Beneath The Valley Of The Ultravixens*.



SKINFLICK: Straight outta, er, Bangor!

Although you'd be forgiven for assuming that the music in his films is purely incidental, it seems that fans have been snapping up the soundtracks as soon as they hit the shelves. Of course, this obviously doesn't have anything to do with the accompanying full-colour, 28-page booklet displaying the sort of girls who would put Jayne Mansfield to shame...

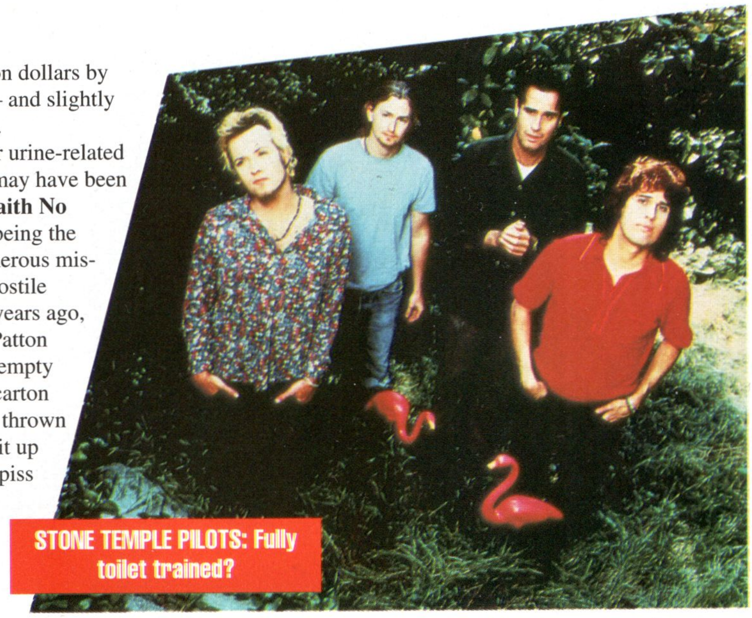
● Another interesting record release dropped through the Bone letterbox this month from **Skinflick Productions**. The two-piece band describe themselves as "a chaotic mix of brutalised mayhem, sexual desire and pain moulded into cyber hatecore". 2 Unlimited these people are not.

They've played over 150 gigs and have released their music on a series of five tapes, but this month they're making the move onto proper vinyl with their first single, *Pretty. Dead. Girl. (Charming! – The Ed).*

Singer W.J. Hate and guitarist J.A. Skin have promised an album to follow later in the year and you can get in touch with them at SFPD Records, 30 Lon-y-Glyder, Maes Tryfan, Bangor LL57 2UA.

● American rock group **Stone Temple Pilots** had a novel way of dealing with a persistent heckler at a recent gig in the United States. They became so irate at the loudmouth that they pulled him from the crowd, tied him up with guitar strings and then urinated over him. Sadly, it was a case of mistaken identity and the band are now being sued for five million dollars by the innocent – and slightly smelly – man.

In fact, their urine-related shenanigans may have been inspired by **Faith No More**. After being the object of numerous missiles from a hostile crowd a few years ago, singer Mike Patton picked up an empty orange juice carton that had been thrown at him, filled it up with his own piss and then proudly gulped down the lot before wiping his own mouth with a self-satisfied smile. Yeuch!



STONE TEMPLE PILOTS: Fully toilet trained?

● Anyone out there fancy playing around with **Prince**? The mega-talented midget has just released a CD-ROM, *Prince: Interactive*, which enables players to access the purple one via computer and then enter his fantasy world. At the touch of a button you can remix his back catalogue and perform a karaoke version of his hit single, *Kiss*.

There's even a trip inside his bedroom where you can look in his wardrobe, inspect his collection of pervy handcuffs and cop an eyeful of an x-rated video. At almost £50, it's twice what you'd expect to pay for the same thing in a seedy Soho peep show.

● Any football clubs in danger of relegation, rocked by financial irregularities or who merely fancy a number one record have found an unlikely saviour in the form of **Status Quo**.

Not even a week had passed after Status Quo and Manchester United hit the number one spot in the charts with *Come On Ye Reds*, than the band suddenly changed allegiance and announced plans to help the beleaguered Spurs FC. The old rockers are to play a benefit gig at White Hart Lane to raise money to fund an appeal against the FA after the London-based club were hit by massive penalties over illegal payments to players.

Of course, I wouldn't stoop as low as to suggest that Francis Rossi and Rick Parfitt are publicity-hungry bastards who'd support Stenhousemuir FC if they thought there was a photo opportunity in it, but it's looking awfully like it.

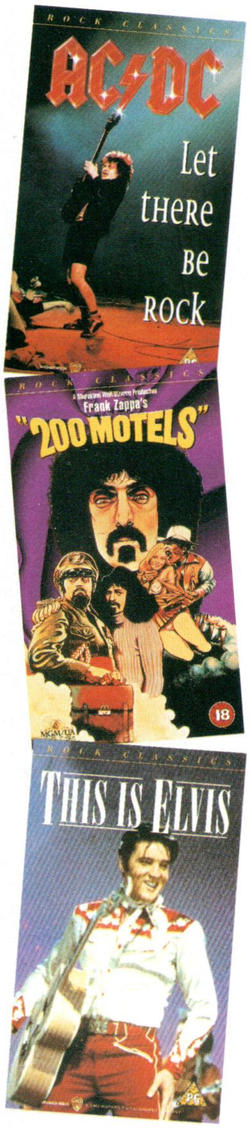
RUSS MEYER'S
ORIGINAL MOTION PICTURE SOUNDTRACKS
LORNA
VIXEN.
Faster, PUSSYCAT! KILL! KILL!

RUSS MEYER: Girls with more front than Blackpool promenade...

IS SHE WOMAN ... OR ANIMAL?
RUSS MEYER'S
VIXEN.

Rumours that the proceeds from their next single are going to fund haircare and grooming products for Terry Venables are believed to be a complete lie. Allegedly.

● Finally, it's about time we had a competition in Club and this month sees the release of *AC/DC: Let There Be Rock*, *The Doors: A Tribute To Jim Morrison*, *Frank Zappa's 200 Motels*, *Jimi Hendrix* and *This Is Elvis* on video from Warner Bros. That's an incredible nine hours of heart-stopping, foot-stomping, full-on rock 'n' roll action... from beyond the grave! Yep, these musicians are all six feet under and would be turning in their graves if they saw the extent to which they're being exploited in the 90s. To win a set of the videos, just give us the name of the happy-go-lucky grunger from Seattle who recently decorated the inside of his bedroom with his brain tissue? Answers to 2 Archer Street, London W1V 7HF. See ya! ♣



FOUR PLAY

Photographs by Scott Evans

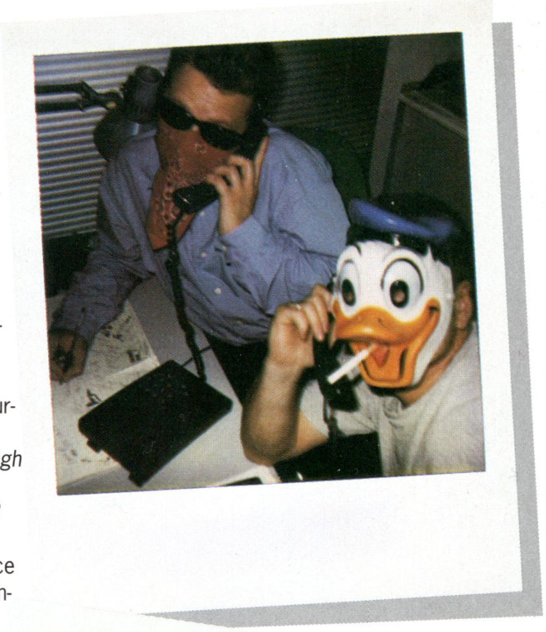
When you put four Club covergirls into one studio, you know that things are going to get out of hand! That's what happened when Terri, Tiffany, Dana and Chelsea met for the first time. It all started as a fashion shoot, but our lovely ladies had ideas of their own – like peeling off each other's clothes! Then the talking stopped and the breathing started getting heavier as fingers stroked boobs, tongues explored pussies and nipples pressed together. It might not be much use for a fashion page, but we're sure you'll agree it's bloody horny to watch! ♣

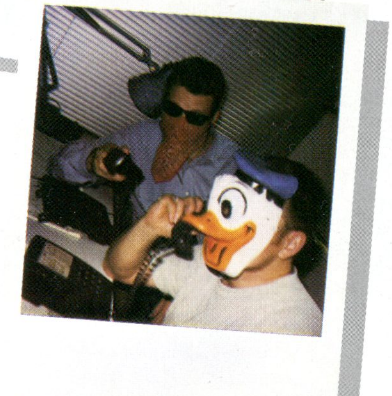
norman

norman

WHAT A JERK!

Telephone terrors, The Jerky Boys, have been making mirth on the phonelines for years in the States, but could it happen in the UK? **Jake Black** picks up the receiver and listens in...





Fear of litigation is one of the most pervasive forms of paranoia in America today. It permeates every strata of their society from the unemployed, right through to the bigwigs on Wall Street. And for the professional men and women of America, this fear is so real they absolutely dread that phone call, you know the one: "I'm going to sue you for everything you own, Jerky!"

In this climate of the speedily acquired peptic ulcer, The Jerky Boys rule supreme and they've built up a big following among the American youth purely from their ability to scare the shit out of people. All in good humour, of course. They don't mean any harm...

But who are The Jerky Boys? I don't know. The FBI don't know. The law enforcement agencies in New York don't know. Probably even their parents don't know. Nobody does.

The Jerky Boys are the prime exponents of the prank phone call network that is creating a storm in the USA and their anonymity is sacred. They scare the crap out of these people a hell of a lot more than most bank robbers could ever hope to.

The fear of litigation is not so much of a problem here in the UK. For instance, let's assume you're a legal professional and some headcase starts threatening to sue you for not representing them in a case. You'd quickly tell them to 'get lost' and put down the phone. Well, that ain't what happens over there at all. The usual response to the type of abuse dished out by The Jerky Boys on a daily basis is: "Oh come on, pal. Can't we talk this over? There's no need to bring a third party into this. We can settle this by ourselves, we can compensate you for any damages you feel we have caused you. Come into the office and let's talk." And when The Jerky Boys elicit this kind of response, the fun really begins. A typical Jerky Boys skit would go something like this...

Law office secretary: Good afternoon.
Jerky Boy: Yeah, hello can I have some consultation now or do I have to make an appointment?
Sec: It's in reference to what, sir?
JB: Well, I had an accident.
Sec: Just a moment, sir, I'll put you through to one of our lawyers.
JB: Thank you very much.
Lawyer: Hello, how can I help you?
JB: Yeah, I wondered if I could speak to you about an accident I had.
Lawyer: When?
JB: It was about two weeks ago.
Lawyer: What type of accident?
JB: It was a motorbike accident.
Lawyer: Who was on the bike?
JB: Just me.
Lawyer: What happened?
JB: Well, I had a sidecar on it. And I was speeding all over my neighbourhood. I was drinking... and I had a few in me, and I lost control of the bike.
Lawyer: Right, I see.
JB: I skidded off the road and hurt some people. Just a few breaks and things and, oh yeah, one guy lost an eye.
Lawyer: So what are you looking to do?
JB: I want some consultation about what to do. They probably have lawsuits against me.
Lawyer: Yeah!
JB: I had to give my insurance papers and I didn't have a licence.
Lawyer: Did you have insurance?
JB: Yeah, but it was through a friend.
Lawyer: Are you covered?
JB: I don't know...
Lawyer: Well, the insurance company will appoint a lawyer for you if you get sued. The damages may be higher than your policy and if you get sued above your policy, you'll have to call a lawyer.

The Jerky Boys are prime exponents of the prank call

JB: Right I see...
Lawyer: I don't handle cases like that.
JB: Right, well in that case, would it be possible to sue your people?
Lawyer: What's it got to do with me?
JB: I'm asking for help, and maybe I could sue you for punitive damages.
Lawyer: What did I do to you?
JB: Punitive damages, that's what!
Lawyer: What did I do to you?
JB: I'm trying to explain. The sidecar smashed into a pole...
Lawyer: You want to sue me?
JB: Why not?
Lawyer: Me?
JB: I'll sue everybody!
Lawyer: Sorry, I can't help you.
JB: Are you still there?
Lawyer: Yes.
JB: The people that you work with, I'll sue them too.
Lawyer: I don't know what you're talking about?
JB: I had a terrible accident.
Lawyer: And what does that have to

do with me?

JB: I'm upset about this and it's your fault. See you in court, fuck-face!

Lawyer: Okay, if that's how you want to play it, fine.

JB: Okay, fucker, I'm going to sue you for everything you've got, you'll be lucky to get a job in sanitation by the time I get through with you!

Lawyer: Look sir, come into my office and we'll talk, but I can assure you now, you have no case against me.

JB:
Fuck you! You had your chance. You'll be hearing from my attorney in the morning. Goodbye dickwad!

What can you say to that? I think the Jerky Boys are going to be massive. Not massive like Madonna or U2. But massive pains in the arse. As far as I'm concerned, they're just the right kind of people I thank for making the world a happier, more paranoid place. Now that can't be so bad, can it? God bless 'em... ♣

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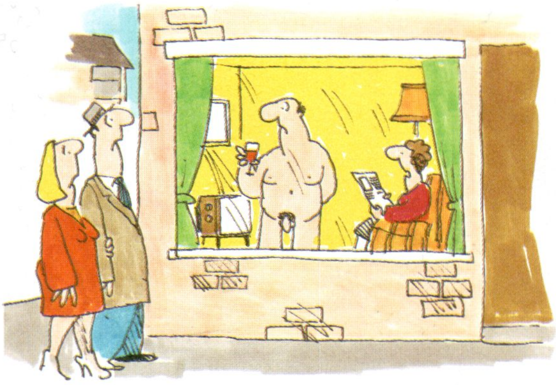
in the bag

continued from page 5

increased the pace, until she screamed out loud as an orgasm pulsed through her. "I'm coming!" she yelled, tugging on her own nipples to increase the pleasure.



Oh by the way Leonard the glaziers had run out of one way glass so they fitted normal

"I want you to sit down in your chair now," she ordered. "Then I'll get on top of you." I did as she said and Amy lowered herself onto my cock. Her boobs swung free as we began rocking backwards and forward and Amy reached out to the table and then poured cold water over the two of us. It felt incredibly refreshing and very erotic and I increased the pace until I was thrusting hard upwards. Amy was throwing her head wildly from side to side as my hands caressed and rubbed her tits.

I could feel my balls tighten and I was about to shoot my load when Amy threw her head back and screamed with joy. "Oh yes, fill me up with your come!" she cried. With a frantic and final thrust I was able to oblige and she collapsed on top of me with a wicked grin on her face. We both stayed like that until we recovered our breath and then headed into our apartment for a cool

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READERS' LIVES

A dire wedding and a near funeral beckons for Club's action man, **Adam Porter**, as he gets a frosty reception and then stuffs an old bird

I've never liked my cousin Glenn. Not only did he always beat me at Subbuteo, he would invariably beat me physically as well. When we were both 12-years-old, he locked me in a cupboard with a collection of wank mags and a hoover. Auntie Maria eventually opened the doors to find me with my cock stuck up a hoover nozzle with my tongue poking through a centrefold. After that we were never really that close.

Anyway, recently Glenn got married. We were invited. It was a shabby affair, she was some utter dog from Leeds that Glenn had met on holiday in Spain.

As for her family, it looked like they hadn't had a job between them since they left school.

I got pissed, very pissed. After my seventh pint of lager I stumbled into my cousin Steve, or Lentil as we call him.

Lentil is six years older than me and had always been the black sheep. "Hi howyadoin' cousin? Fancy a puff?"

Need you ask?

"Here want half-a-tab too?" Lentil was always very generous with his drugs. He passed me a joint and a piece of blotting paper that looked like Lentil's home-made acid. Fuck it, I thought and downed it.

Suddenly the Leeds girls, bridesmaids and guests took on a whole new aura. I wanted to fuck them all. Lentil's acid had stirred my loins. I started chatting to Valerie, the bride's sister. She was 18 years of age with a spanking body, flowing auburn hair and long fingernails that the acid would not let me forget. In fact, her whole family were stunners and I couldn't work out how Glenn had ended up with that bag of chisels for a bride.

We got on well. Despite the fact that the acid made me down pints at the rate of five an hour and Lentil kept passing me spliffs, Valerie seemed to like me. I liked her too. It was scary. She was funny, she was a good laugh and she enjoyed talking to me. We went out for a stroll in the garden of the hotel and the sun came out. The acid made the flowers look like they came from heaven, like Valerie. I was in paradise.

Valerie told me that all the Leeds-based relatives were staying the night at the hotel and that I should stick around for a drink. The fact that I had drunk almost everything the hotel could throw at me meant nothing, I was staying too. As the wedding reception wound down we moved into the hotel bar. Lentil was there discussing plants with his Northern counterpart, Valerie's family were sitting at the bar, my Mum and Dad had gone and, best of all, Glenn and his Pig-From-Hell had hot-footed it to the bridal suite.

The only thing wrong was the drugs and the lager. It all kicked in together. The bar was exploding into vivid rays of colour and the floor appeared to be full of barking fish. Still, I managed to hold what resembled a conversation. Luckily, Valerie was just as out of it as I was. In fact, everybody was.

She found me with my cock in a hoover nozzle

Lentil was observing the scene with mirth. He'd spent the evening spiking people's drinks with his acid. Grown men were crawling around on the floor laughing at unseen goblins. My Aunties were having turns. I spent most of my time crouching on top of the bar making owl noises. What happened next is a blur...

Somebody mentioned that the police had arrived and that was enough to send us all running paranoid to our rooms. After a brief panic I ended up in Valerie's room. What a shag I had that night. It was dark, it was steamy and it was lush. My world was a mound of flesh; nipples rose like red porpoises in the Aegean Sea and female flesh enveloped me in a wave of technicolour love-suck. I think.

Let's just say that breakfast the next day was embarrassing. Everything had not been as it had seemed the night before. For a start, I'd woken up in an empty room. I met Valerie in the lift. "I couldn't find my room last night," she said. I was confused. "Where did you get to then?" she asked. I didn't have a clue.

In between my Cornflakes and kippers, things became horrifyingly apparent. A woman sat next to me, grabbed my thigh and tried to tongue me. Valerie was horrified. So was Auntie Maria. So was I...

I turned to Valerie. "Sorry," I said. "But I appear to have fucked your mother."

"Sure beats a hoover!" quipped Auntie Maria.

How we all roared... ♣

barbara & bobbie

Don't blame it on the beer, you aren't seeing double, Barbara and Bobbie are, in fact, identical twins. What's more the dirty girls from Denver, USA not only look alike but fuck alike too.

"It's true," says Bobbie, or is it Babs? "We always fancy the same kind of guys and wind up fighting!"

"Unless we agree to share," adds Barbara, or maybe it's Bobbie.

Photographs by Phillip Mond

"Once we bedded a guy taking it in turns to undress him, tease his cock and so on. Then I had sex with him, wore him out, walked out of the room and handed over to Bobbie who made him do it all over again! He didn't

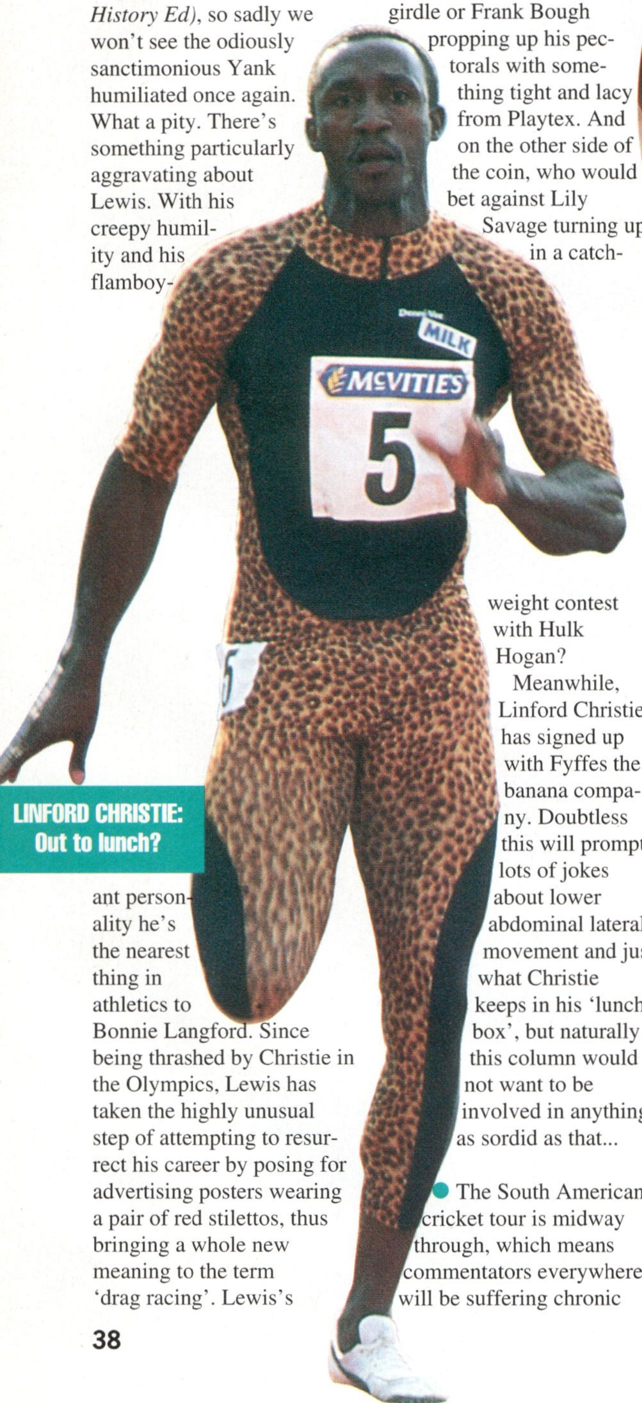
know there was two of us. He thought we were just one insatiable nympho!"

"When we're really two insatiable nymphos!" giggled Bobbie.

What a double act, eh... ♣

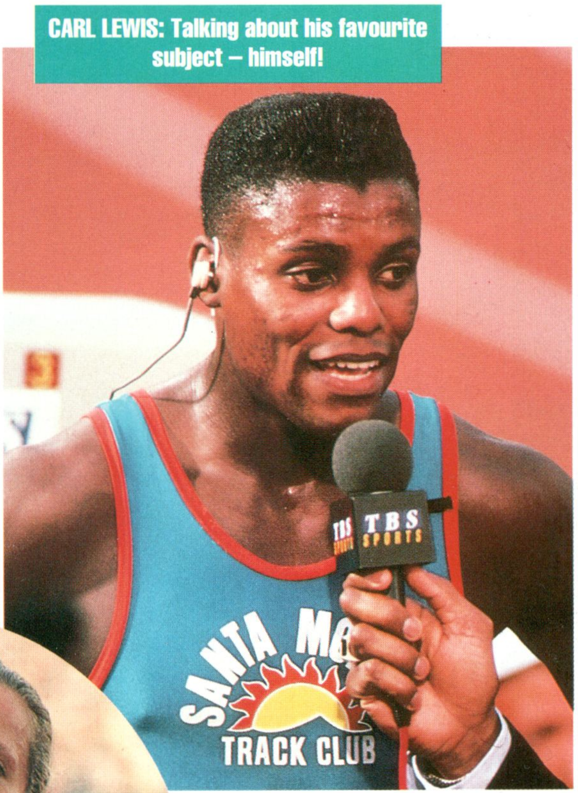
BEATEN OFF THE TRACK

Britain's footie success may have been Taylor-made, but **Maurice Short** reckons that when it comes to athletics, we'll have the competition running



LINFORD CHRISTIE: Out to lunch?

SALLY GUNNELL: The fastest Avon lady in hi History



CARL LEWIS: Talking about his favourite subject – himself!

The Commonwealth Games gets under way in Canada this month, which offers another opportunity for Linford Christie to add to his Gold collection – currently standing just about level with the Bank of England's by my reckoning. Carl Lewis, of course, will not be there *(the US having taken the rash decision to opt out out of the Empire back in 1776 – History Ed)*, so sadly we won't see the odiously sanctimonious Yank humiliated once again. What a pity. There's something particularly aggravating about Lewis. With his creepy humility and his flamboyant personality he's the nearest thing in athletics to Bonnie Langford. Since being thrashed by Christie in the Olympics, Lewis has taken the highly unusual step of attempting to resurrect his career by posing for advertising posters wearing a pair of red stilettos, thus bringing a whole new meaning to the term 'drag racing'. Lewis's action, coupled with the suggestion from a Leeds transvestite that one of the most sought after young players in the English Premiership is as keen to slide into a frock and suspenders as he is into a tackle (or indeed into a hot bath with ten of his burly team-mates), may yet set an unlikely trend for sporting/cross-dressing advertising. Watch out for Jocky Wilson in an 18-hour girdle or Frank Bough propping up his pectorals with something tight and lacy from Playtex. And on the other side of the coin, who would bet against Lily Savage turning up in a catchweight contest with Hulk Hogan?

Meanwhile, Linford Christie has signed up with Fyffes the banana company. Doubtless this will prompt lots of jokes about lower abdominal lateral movement and just what Christie keeps in his 'lunchbox', but naturally this column would not want to be involved in anything as sordid as that...

- The South American cricket tour is midway through, which means commentators everywhere will be suffering chronic lockjaw from having to pronounce the names Hansie Cronje and Gerhardus Liebenberg – two people you certainly wouldn't want to shout for if you were holding any carpet tacks between your teeth.

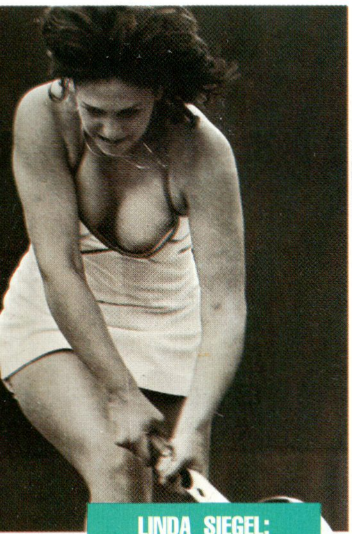
Over the years the Zebras have kept the chocolate cake spraying round the Test Match commentary box pretty consistently with their startling collection of Afrikaner surnames – many of which sound like a spoon dropped into a blender. Meintje and Bezuidenhout were just two of these tricky tongue-twisters, but my favourite was Xerxes Balaskas – surely the only Test centurion ever to be named after a King of Ancient Persia. Unless there was one called Mike, of course.

- Along with Linford Christie the Commonwealth Games will also see Britain's other star athletes in action on the track. Sally Gunnell, the fastest Avon lady in history, should add another medal to a collection that already resembles that normally only seen on the chests of 90-year-old Russian generals, whilst Colin Jackson must also be favourite to streak away with the 110 metres hurdles. The fleet-footed Jackson, of course, will be running for Wales in Canada. After his performance in Barcelona, Colin is surely now the most famous Welsh leg-over specialist since Tom Jones – though at just above ten seconds he probably doesn't take quite so long. Others who will be nursing hopes of long-delayed wins include javelin thrower Steve Backley – a man who must be considering changing his name to Aching-Backley, so unlucky has he been with injury – and Scots distance runner, Liz McColgan. McColgan is something of a Wonder Woman. But only in the sense that everyone always wonders just when she will win a major race. At her best against weak opposition, the chirpy Scot seems to fall apart under pressure – the Graeme Hick of British athletics.

- Wimbledon sadly passed once again without a repeat of the 1979 incident involving the buxom Linda Siegel. During her match with Billy Jean King, sexy Siegel's service action proved too much for her low-cut dress with the result that she produced one of the most photographed lobs in the history of the tournament, and

BARBARA POTTER: The two high points of Wimbledon

brought a new meaning to the term 'serving out'. Poor Siegel never returned to Wimbledon after that. "The incident really turned her off tennis," said coach Lynn Rolley. Strangely it had quite the opposite effect on men everywhere. In 1988 some of us got excited when it was announced that Barbara Potter would have to change her shirt regularly during the tournament. Unhappily she chose to do so behind towels held up by the ballboys. On the one occasion the towel slipped Potter was revealed to be wearing a bra so secure that Steve McQueen and Pat Reed would have struggled to escape from it, never mind a breast.


LINDA SIEGEL: Nice hits!

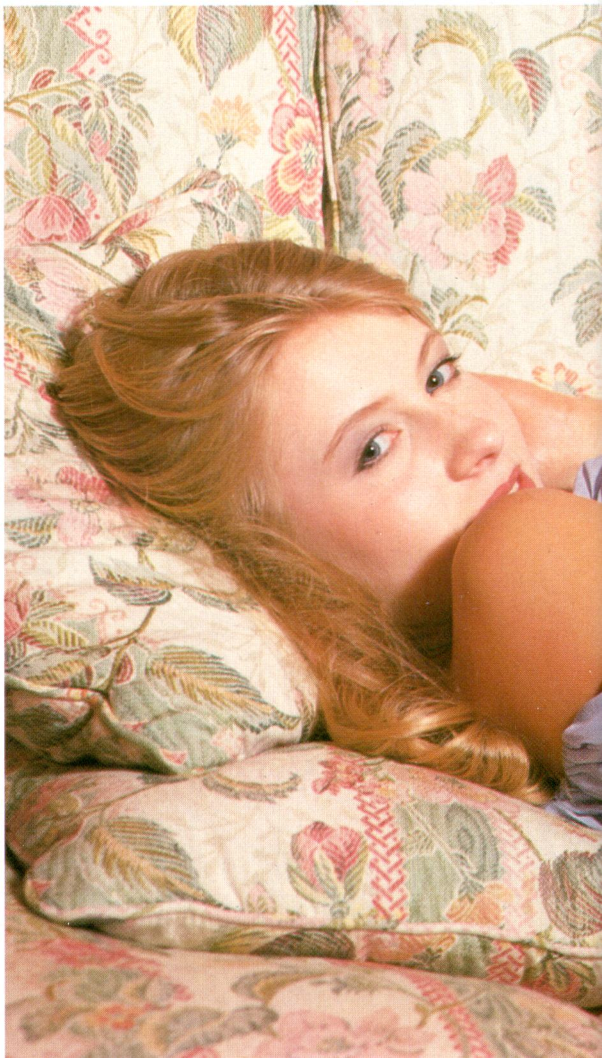
- Scoop of the decade award must go to the Hanoi newspaper that produced a pre-World Cup assessment of the goalkeepers taking part in USA 94 by none other than the great Russian goalkeeper, the 'Black Panther' himself, Lev Yashin. Unfortunately Yashin died in 1990. Perhaps the Editor in North Vietnam employs Mystic Meg as the chief sports-writer?

- Finally, with the Premiership season about to commence, it is time to scotch some evil rumours that have been flying around. Despite the now legendary effects of the dreaded 'Curse Of Short' I can categorically state that there is absolutely no truth in the suggestion that last May I put a tenner on Spurs to do the double this season... ♣

chrissy

Photographs by Bob Twigg

As Lloyd Grossman might ask, "What kind of person lives in a house like this?" An extremely randy one! Forget the Laura Ashley-style covers, this sofa has seen more action than Wembley Stadium – but a lot more scoring! "It's my snogging sofa," claims Chrissy, the 18-year-old secretary from Reading. "It combines just the right amount of support and squashiness for a serious session, with lovely plump arms



so you don't keep banging your head when you're bonking! My friends say that it's magic 'cos every time a guy sits on it his inhibitions completely disappear – followed closely by his trousers! You wouldn't believe what I find down the side of the cushions..."♣

in the bag

continued from page 29

shower, before we carried on with our fucking in the more discreet surroundings of our bedroom.

That afternoon set the tone for the rest of our holiday and we even went as far as bonking in the hotel swimming pool, in the toilets of a restaurant and on the beach at high noon! It was certainly one of the most exhausting holidays I've ever had! – *Richard, Brighton*

FOOD FOR THOUGHT

I've been a reader of Club for quite some time now and, as I have always enjoyed the letters, I thought I'd write in and tell your readers about something that happened to me recently.

I'm a student and I have always fancied one of the women who works in the college canteen; a tall, Australian blonde called Kelly. Anyway, I was invited to a friend's party and you can imagine how pleased I was to see Kelly there. She looked stunning dressed in a tight red dress that showed off her curves to perfection. I started talking to her and when the party ended, I offered to walk her home. She accepted gratefully, but then told me she needed to stop off at the canteen to pick up a few things.

My heart was pounding as she lead me through the kitchens, then she confessed that it was only an excuse and she didn't have anything

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DEAR LANA,

You certainly had a part of me standing to attention when I saw the pictures of you dressed in your army uniform in Club (Vol 23 No 7). I'm a squaddie and I can imagine meeting you when you come to visit our barracks after we've asked you to become our official pin-up...

All eyes are on you as you walk into the mess to meet us. I've brought along a camera to take your pictures but I can hardly hold it steady as I watch you pout sexily at me through the viewfinder. A cheer goes round the room as you lie back across a desk and then spread your legs. You urge me to come closer and then we kiss, our tongues snaking around each other's mouth. I can feel you pulling my trousers down to my ankles and then grabbing my cock.

You move me onto my back across the table and then clamp your lips around my dick and treat me to a blow-job. As you run your tongue around my bell-end, I hold onto your long hair and groan as I feel myself coming. You unbutton your shirt and release your boobs from your bra just as my load shoots all over your tits. By this time, the lads are on their feet and cheering loudly...

I'm ready, willing and able to follow your orders – how about it?! – *Colin and B troop, BFPO 547*

That sounds like my perfect idea of troop manoeuvres, Colin! But the best bit would be when I had the camera myself and took some naughty photos to pin up on the mess wall! I'm sure I could easily improve Anglo-Russian relations in my own special way – and I'd have your entire company out on parade! – Lana ♣

STAR SPOT

How did Kylie Minogue change from a curly-headed mechanic to a Sex Queen? **Adam Porter** investigates...

Let's face it, there is little left in the world of pop that has not been done before. From tacky pap to sad attempts at reinvention, the wheel of music spins in a regular rut. So, albeit highly successfully, does the career of one Ms Kylie Minogue...

Daughter of a Welsh dancer and an Australian accountant Kylie, as well all know too well, burst like an interesting boil onto the public bathroom mirror. It was in 1986 with her role as Charlene in that monstrously well-watched soap series, Neighbours, that we Brits first caught sight of her.

Now almost a decade later she is still with us. Only now she is no longer Charlene, the uppity Jason-chasing blonde from Ramsay Street intent on being a female mechanic, now she is a serious rocky/poppy dance star signed to the country's coolest dance label waiting to be remixed like no other before her. She hopes.

"In the old days, nobody was interested in my opinion," she says. "Perhaps they would show me the cover of my LP but I had no control over anything else. I was just part of a production line."

But what a production line. Nissan have go nothing on the throwaway capitalist trips that producers Stock, Aitken and Waterman were turning out in the decade of couldn't-care-less consumerism.

Her first single, I Should Be So Lucky, spent five weeks at number one in the charts in January 1988 and sold somewhere in the region of a million copies. With sales like that, who wants to be in control, ferchrissakes?

But that is one of the problems in pop. Once these people get on the stage and find out that people like them, then they get all precious. Like George Michael, a man who penned some of the most inane lyrics in history, fame for Kylie meant that it was time to be 'taken seriously'. But why? How 'serious' can you get in the most superficial industry in the world, an industry that makes Super Mario look like a disciple of Plato?

During the follow-up tour to her first LP Kylie wrenched control of her image away from the SAW stable and, boy, do we mean wrenched. The tour, dressed in Galliano fishnet buttock-displaying thongs, was not something her pre-teen audience were ready for. They would probably have been happier with Kylie sitting on stage stroking her favourite pet moggie, supping a cup of sugary tea, reading *Smash Hits* and saying nice things about Jason. Simulated oral and rear-entry sex were perhaps not the sort of activities all those suburban innocents in Marks & Spencers crimpelene had in mind when they heard *I Should Be So Lucky*.

Of course there is nothing wrong with oral and rear-entry sex, but it seems a disservice to all the fans of whatever age (especially all the young ones who will discover all these things in their own time) to be presented with it in the guise of 'image reinvention'. I know, I took along my daughter.

"I may have gone a little too far at the time," she admits with hindsight. "But it was all I could do to get it out of my system."

To get what out? All the money, fame and free shit that comes with high-profile popdom... Such a terrible life you lead.

However it didn't work. Stock, Aitken and Waterman knew that her regular number one's – three off the first LP, including five number two's – were over. Although she was still hitting decent sales it wasn't ever going to be the same. FrankenKylie was out of control. Reinventing herself to the extent that she was out shagging drug-taking,

Simulated oral and rear-entry sex were perhaps not the sort of activities her fans expected

INXS-singer Michael Hutchence and going to sweaty rave dens in the summer of love in 1989. When interviewed on Australian radio about drugs, she diplomatically side-stepped the question. That was it, her SAW days were numbered.

Kylie, it seems, had wanted to grow up with her audience. But her audience were still playing with Barbie and Ken dolls whilst she was out flirting with the all-new E-culture. She moves fast. Perhaps now they will like her, but will they trust her?

The new LP comes out on DeConstruction, the RCA subsidiary label that was once A&R'd by King Groovey himself, Paul Oakenfold. DeConstruction still holds a certain club culture in high esteem and is looking to Kylie to give it credibility. "I've had a lot of belief shown in me from the producers who are working with me. It's great, they have seen through all the rubbish and they trust me." Either she is right or there are some people out there who will do anything for cash, or percentage points on a Kylie track. Take your pick.

Reinventions are a difficult business. Take the Bros boy Luke (or was it Matt?) who was strutting his rockness everywhere last year, long hair and all. What happened to him? Or Jason Donovan's funky on-the-street single, *All Around The World*, that came out last year and barely scraped into the Top 40.

Certainly tracks like *Better The Devil You Know* got the all-new Kylie into the charts with raunch appeal and there is no doubt her new LP will be a hit. But how much of a hit waits to be seen.

From Ramsay Street to a beautiful young thing in the space of a decade. Not bad. "This LP was a choice. Whether to make pop records or whether to be out there doing something different, taking me as a blank canvas and working that way. We decided to do something different."

Just how different remains to be seen. A new single, *Confide In Me*, is out on 15th August and the LP in September. It's make or break time for Kylie. ♣

Photographs by Scott Evans

This is the sight which Gloucester men dream of. Katie sits on her sofa, her eyes inviting you to join her. If that fails, then the 20-year-old performs a stunning striptease and pulls you onto the cushions...

"I'm a real seduc-

tress," she says. "Once I've lured you in to my lair, you won't get out without giving me everything I want. And I mean everything!" ♣

club
katie

UZI 9MM

Mmmm, indeed! This sexy shooter completes any self-respecting mad-head's wardrobe. Slung across the back it looks cooler than an ice-cube, but stuffed down the front of your trousers fully loaded is the way most guys will be wearing their Uzis this year. So don't be square, be armed and dangerous. The ladies love it!

CANE TOAD

Forget designer drugs and fancy bottled lager, boys in the know get their kicks from licking a Cane Toad. Found in Australia, Mr Toad is a sure bet for a good night out on the ceiling: just a few licks of the LSD-like hallucinogenic slime from its smelly back sends anyone stupid or desperate enough to try it into outer space. Lends new meaning to the phrase 'getting Caned' – and it's free!

Dangerous
Obje
De

To hell with good taste and good sense: Club readers want bad toys for real boys!

EUROCOPTER TIGRE

Impress the girls with this politically correct Euro-friendly helicopter gunship! With enough firepower to wipe out a small village, the Tigre is a must for men with attitude. Packed to the rotor blades with high-tech armaments like the 30mm battle gun, four Mistral AAM rocket launchers, eight HOT2s and handy 'fire and forget' homing missiles, this beauty will put your pal's Porsche in the shade, or blow it to smithereens, depending on your mood. With a top speed of 174mph it leaves the cops standing – and no doubt wishing they had one too – and all for just under a million

Editor's get-out note: Look, this is just a gag. We're not honestly suggesting you use any of these things. And if you do, please don't use them on us.

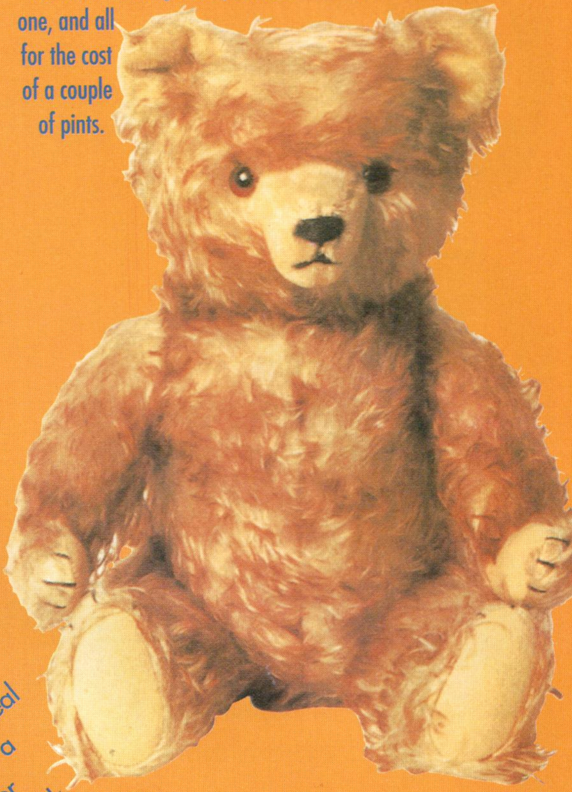
cts of
sire

TARGET T-SHIRT

Put the fear back into your life with this £10 Target T-shirt! Simply buy yourself a one-way ticket to Colombia, slip on the shirt and kiss your arse goodbye.

LETHAL TEDDY

Wait till Christmas and scour the highstreet shops for one of those teddy bears with badly sewn-on eyes. These little fellas are usually made in Far-Eastern sweatshops along with Clackers, and scare the shit out of young mothers. So dangerous you could hold up a bank with one, and all for the cost of a couple of pints.



INTER-CONTINENTAL BALISTIC MISSILE

Even the best Sega shoot 'em up games can get pretty boring after two or three days, so why not save your money for the real thing and invest in a 35 foot ICBM? For maximum effect, pick a target on the other side of the world (preferably down-wind), wait till it's dark so no-one sees you, and press the little red button marked 'Boom'. Then watch those fireworks fly! The price can be fairly high, especially for those of us without a nuclear bomb shelter, but shop around the old Eastern Bloc countries and you could pick up a slightly soiled missile for a song. Not recommended for children.

NIGHT VISION BINOCULARS

Brighten up your nights with an infra-red binocular headset. Use its laser rangefinder to judge those tricky in-offs on the pool table – even with the lights out! And trust the hard protective teflon helmet to look after your head no matter how many times you fall down pissed. Beats having a bloody designer beanie, anyday.

annabel

With a name like Annabel and a residence in deepest Hertfordshire, you could be forgiven for thinking that the 20-year-old accountant is the 'horsey' type. Big mistake.

"The last man who called me that got a swift kick in the nuts!" warns Annabel sternly. "The only horsing around I do is between the sheets. I love it when a man spends hours kissing and licking every inch of my body, before

fucking me vigorously well into the small hours," she reveals excitedly. "A man has to be fit and muscled with plenty of stamina to keep up with me, so if any of you are a cross between Arnie and Linford Christie, I reckon you're the one for the job!" ♣

talkin'

blue

This is the section where you talk to us – and you talk dirty! Tell us what you've done, what you are doing and what you like to do; we'll read it, we'll print it and we might even help your fantasies come true...

WOMEN'S WRITES

Where the girls get down to business

TOP OF THE HORN

They say that nothing succeeds like success, but I beg to differ: nothing succeeds like sucking seed! I should know, because I'm sitting in a swanky office overlooking the Thames as I write this letter to Club. I've been very lucky in my job and I'm not sure that it's just down to my shorthand or dictation!

It started when I joined a well-known firm of solicitors in North London as a receptionist. I looked the part too, I mean nobody wants to see a dowdy wallflower when they walk into a building and with big, 36-inch tits, long legs and a fondness for short skirts and tight pullovers, I like to think I looked pretty good!

On my first day I got a lot of attention from everybody, including a young solicitor called Alex. He kept walking past my desk every five minutes, gawping at my tits like he'd never seen anything like them. Maybe he hadn't!

We got chatting and Alex asked me where I came from and what I wanted to do with my career – the usual stuff. I told him that I was very ambitious, that I really wanted to make it and that I'd do anything to be a success. This seemed to pique Alex's interest and he told me that he was looking for a P.A. and that he thought I'd fit the bill perfectly. Then came the awkward part. "There are quite a few girls desperate for the job," he said. "What makes you stand out from the rest?"

"Well," I giggled, "I think I've got a few assets that the others haven't. It'll cost you lunch to see them though!"

So there I was, during my lunch hour on the first day, in the toilets of a very swanky restaurant, down on my knees in one of the cubicles sucking his cock as if my life depended on it! He had a beautiful cock; not too thick but certainly long enough to mean that giving him proper head meant a real test of my skills. As I took the full length of his tool into my mouth, I could feel him spasming instinctively, barely able to hold back the load that was just waiting to be shot down my throat.

I worked at making him come, flicking my tongue over his bobbing purple helmet and as I glanced up at him I saw his eyes were closed in ecstasy. With a loud grunt that signalled he was about to come, Alex shot his wad deep down inside my mouth and I gulped greedily. I couldn't have asked for a more satisfying lunch date!

Alex shot his wad deep inside my mouth

By the end of that first day, I'd already been promoted and I hadn't even typed out a letter yet!

I had six pleasurable months with Alex and we fucked just about every day, in every imaginable place in the office. In the broom cupboard, in the canteen and even on the director's massive conference oak table! It seemed that things couldn't get any better... until I met Jerry.

Alex and I were at an important business dinner in the City and I got talking to this high-flying financier type, whose name was Jerry. He was dressed in an expensive Armani suit, was in his late twenties and was very tanned and handsome. During dinner, he handed me his business card and told me to call. "I think we'd work well together," he said with a twinkle in his eye.

Within a week I had an appointment at Jerry's company. His office was amazing; tastefully decorated and with a wonderful view over the river. I had to admit that

I was very impressed – as well as really turned on.

"You obviously enjoyed meeting me," I told him, "but I bet you'd really enjoy eating me!" For a moment it didn't register with Jerry, but it slowly dawned on him that he was being offered the chance to tongue my pussy. He grinned sheepishly, pressed the intercom and told his secretary to hold all calls.

He walked around to where I sat cross-legged, deliberately allowing him a look at the tops of my stockings. I uncrossed my legs seductively and parted them slightly so that Jerry could see what I had in store for him – no knickers and a freshly shaven pussy for his delectation!

He pushed my legs further apart and then gently slid his tongue into my slit

He got straight down on his knees, pushing my legs further apart and then gently slid his tongue deep into my slit. I put my hands behind Jerry's head, forcing him to work harder, and he quickened his pace, darting his tongue in and out in a way that was exhilarating. Within seconds I was rocking back and forth on the chair, panting and feeling the first swellings of what I knew would be a killer orgasm.

Sure enough, I felt my orgasm hit me and I bit my lip to make sure I didn't howl out and attract the attention of his secretary.

"I want your cock inside me now," I said, pulling at the button of my cream blouse. Jerry tugged my skirt and knickers down to my ankles and then yanked off his trousers. I bent over his desk, wearing nothing but my stockings and high heels and then I felt Jerry slam into me from behind. I really like it when someone takes me firmly and Jerry was certainly doing that, his cock pistoning in and out of me at an alarming rate. I could feel every single vein of his throbbing dick banging against the walls of my sensitive hole and after a few furious minutes he reared back and then came deep inside me. It was so intense that we both fell to the floor in a drenched heap.

"What colour wallpaper would you like in your office then?" asked Jerry.

I decided to take him up on his offer and in case you're all wondering I picked a pale blue Regency stripe! Oh, and my shorthand and dictation is getting better too! – *Elsa, London*

GIRL GUIDES!

Sheryl looked like she was about to come again. I could tell from the grunts, the way her thighs ground into my tongue and the blissful expression on her beautiful face as I glanced up at her. There was no way that I could possibly have imagined that she would ever be mine, that she could possibly have fancied a girl.

After all, the first time that I'd met Sheryl she had been splayed across the gleaming bonnet of a flash-looking Porsche, her curvy bum poked high in the air as a thick cock thrust in and out of her tight pussy. That had been round the back of our local rugby club car-park after an end-of-season bash. Everyone had wanted to fuck her (and not just the boys either!) and she had finally decided on the club captain. All a bit predictable, I'd thought, but as I was to soon find out, a pretty good choice!

After I'd finally fallen back on the bed, Sheryl's sticky juices plastered over my face, we began to reminisce about the past, the first time we had met and the impact that Club has had on our relationship. In fact, that was why I decided to write into your magazine and tell all your readers all about our affair – because you were instrumental in bringing us together...

It all started about six months ago, three or four months after I'd seen Sheryl's pert arse for that first memorable time outside the rugby club!

I had walked into the offices of our local paper to be greeted by Sheryl's pretty face, large boobs and shapely legs. I knew she worked there, but I hadn't thought that she would be at the reception area to take my classified advert for a second-hand mountain bike!

I had enjoyed a couple of brief lesbian relationships before, but I didn't have any idea that Sheryl might be into the same thing as I was. Which is why I was all the more amazed when I happened to glance behind her desk and see a copy of Club sticking out of her top drawer. I was immediately turned on by the thought of her eagerly flicking through the magazine – and I knew the ideal way to break the ice. "They've got some beautiful girls in there, haven't they?" I ventured, pointing towards the copy of Club. The look on her face signalled that Sheryl was thinking the same as I was and, in fact, it was that same night that Sheryl and I ended up back at my flat, indulging in the greatest sex session I've ever experienced.

Sheryl was obviously experienced; the way she undressed me, casually slipping my short dress down over my thighs whilst kiss-

RAZZLE
RAZZLE
MAKES YOUR
COCK BIG!

ing and caressing my shoulders was almost enough to make me come on the spot. Of course, it didn't take long once Sheryl had buried her wet tongue deep into my love mound. She teased my clit patiently, flicking her tongue over it until my sticky juices dribbled into her mouth. I came so easily that my legs buckled beneath me and I slumped to the floor!

My nipples were poking out proudly as Sheryl took out a long vibrator from her handbag and began to work on them. And boy, did she know how to make that thing work! Again, Sheryl's expert performance made me feel like a complete novice. All night long I was initiated into many new and exciting ways to have two-girl sex and I really thought I'd died and gone to heaven!

After our first night together things got even better, believe me. Sheryl was an amazingly horny girl and I would often go around to her flat after work to find her lying in bed, dildo in one hand and a copy of Club in the other, furiously wanking herself into an orgasmic frenzy. Many was the time that I simply walked into her bedroom, dropped my skirt to the floor, slid a couple of fingers into my dripping slit and wanked myself right there and then! Just think what it must have looked like: two classy women both watching while the other one gave herself orgasm after delicious orgasm!

We often talked about how much of a turn-on that would be for a man to see and we promised ourselves that one day we would treat a special friend to a little lezzie show. Paul was that lucky man...

Paul was the fella I mentioned earlier – the rugby club captain. She delighted in telling me what a great shag he was when I brought up the subject of their open-air fuck. "I'd bet he'd love to fuck your tight, little pussy," she giggled excitedly. I was certainly up for finding out! We hatched a plan and Paul and Sheryl came over to my place for dinner the next night.

After a pleasant meal we all sat down and chatted, then Sheryl calmly asked Paul if he'd ever seen two girls wanking before. He almost choked on his glass of wine before simply shaking his head. Of course, Sheryl and I were more than happy to work our dildos to their maximum effect for Paul's pleasure, but I blurted out that we wanted to see his cock first! Paul duly obliged by whipping out his tool and proudly running his hand up and down its thick shaft until he brought himself to orgasm and an arc of spunk jetted from his cock.

Now I was more than ready to be ridden hard and Paul didn't let me down, taking me doggy-style while Sheryl kissed and played with my big boobs. It only took a couple of minutes of severe pounding before Paul shot his load again deep inside my pussy and I orgasmed immediately.

As you can imagine, the rest of the night proved to be a triangle of tongues, tits and tossing! What's next for me and Sheryl, I hear you all ask? Well, let's just hint that Paul is trying to organise something involving his rugby team – and it isn't a raffle or tombola! – *Liz, Swindon*

I was ready to be ridden hard and Paul took me doggy-style while Sheryl played with my boobs

HOLIDAY BLUES

Playing away from home

HORNY HONEYMOON

I'm in my element during the holiday season, when the weather's lovely and everyone's walking around with as little clothing on as possible. Being bisexual, I'm spoilt for choice about who to lust after: the fellas in their tight cut-off shorts with bare chests, or the girls, braless in those little cropped tops, their smooth bare legs all dark and tanned. That's why I start to feel randy at this time of year – and I think back to what happened to me last year when I decided to go abroad on holiday for the first time...

Unfortunately, it was a real spur-of-the-moment thing and I couldn't persuade any of my friends to come with me, so I booked one of those last-minute package deals, packed the minimum of clothing and headed to the airport feeling incredibly excited – only to find that an air traffic controllers' strike somewhere in Europe had delayed all the flights. There was going to be a delay of at least twelve hours before I went anywhere.

Obviously I was livid, but there was nothing I could do about it, so I settled down in the airport departure lounge with a good book.

Eventually, I got talking to a couple who were sitting opposite me. It turned out that they were on their honeymoon – so you can imagine how fed up they were. Rick and Anita were a good-looking couple: both tall and slim, Rick had blond hair and a neat moustache and Anita was well curved with a lovely pair of boobs which, judging by the plunging neckline of the top, she obviously liked to show off.

I felt a tingle of excitement running through my veins whenever she looked at me, which was quite often. I wondered why she was paying so much attention to me when she and Rick had only just got married.

Well, I expect you can guess what happened next. The delays dragged on and people started settling down for a kip on every available seat. By this time, Rick and Anita had moved across to where I was sitting and we all bunched up together, chatting and drinking a bottle of duty-free wine. By around 3am most people, including Rick, were sound asleep. I was just dozing, but I soon woke up with a start when I felt a pair of fingers creeping up the inside of my thigh and under my skirt!

I felt hot and turned on as I opened my eyes. I already knew what I was going to see; Anita was reaching over, gently stroking the inside of my thigh. She pushed the crotch of my knickers to one side and probed my sticky slit with one finger, using her thumb to rub against my clitty.

Although I was pretending to be asleep and my eyes were closed, my whole body was wide awake and tingling. As Anita started to frig me in earnest I tried hard not to move, but in the end I couldn't stop myself from sharply clamping my thighs around her hand and thrusting my pelvis up to make her finger me even deeper. She had obviously thought that I was asleep, because I heard her draw in a sharp breath and stiffen, before relaxing and then frigging me again.

It didn't take her long to bring me to a climax. My entire body shuddered and normally I'd have been yelling out like mad as I came, but if anything, the fact that I had to keep quiet was even more exciting.

After I'd come, without shifting position or even turning to look at her, I reached my hand down towards Anita's crotch. Even the brush of my fingers against her clothes felt like an electric shock.

She pushed the crotch of my knickers to one side and probed my sticky, wet slit with one finger

When I finally did probe up under her skirt, she gasped as my hand came into contact with her soaked gusset. God, she was wet! I guessed that she'd been touching herself at the same time as frigging me.

Of course, I set about getting stuck into her right away, and she breathed a huge sigh of relief when she finally came. The odd thing was that during this whole time, neither of us had spoken a word to each other and afterwards we both went to sleep as if nothing had happened.

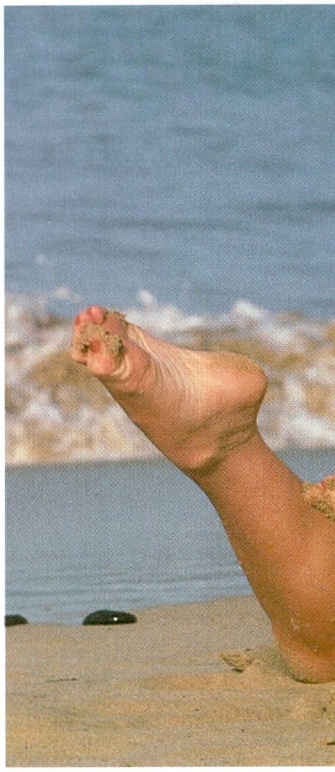
It was the same thing on the flight the next day – Anita never said a word. Rick obviously didn't suspect anything but when we parted at the airport on our arrival we discovered we were staying close to each other and we arranged to meet up that evening at their hotel bar for a drink.

When I walked into the bar that night, Rick was sitting there by himself and he told me that Anita was still getting ready. We settled down with a couple of drinks – and that's when he dropped the bombshell. He knew all about what had happened between us in the airport lounge, Anita had told him everything in explicit detail!

I nearly choked on my cocktail, but Rick merely shrugged his shoulders and said he knew all about his wife's sexual preferences. In fact, he encouraged her to sleep with women whenever she got the chance. "As it's our honeymoon, I wondered if you'd do me a favour," he asked. "You're obviously a pretty randy girl and I know that Anita fancies you. How about making our first proper wedding night extra special by getting into a threesome?"

I gulped and admitted that the idea really excited me. Rick then went on to say that he'd brought their wedding present along with him – a top-of-the-range camcorder, so that they could film their romps for posterity. Now, I've always been a bit of an exhibitionist and when he said that, I made up my mind immediately – that I'd do it.

It was at that moment that Anita made her entrance. Every bloke in the room had his eyes glued to her as she sauntered over to us. She was wearing a clinging red dress that fitted every contour of her body like a second skin, so tight that you could see her plump love-mound and the way her nipples poked out proudly. It was obvious that she wasn't wearing any underwear.



She took one look at me and I could tell that she knew exactly what Rick had said. A slow smile spread across her face and when she sat down and we ordered more drinks I could feel her thigh pressing up against mine. I knew Rick could see his wife rubbing up against me and it was obviously turning him on. His cock looked like it was expanding inside his tight jeans but I made no attempt to avert my eyes and he made no attempt to hide it. "Let's go upstairs, shall we?" suggested Rick.

I don't even remember getting up to their room (the honeymoon suite, of course!). Someone put the 'do not disturb' on the door and I started to undress without even being asked, then I lay down on the bed.

"Do whatever you want to me," I told them. "I'm your sex slave for the night!"

Rick stripped off his wife's dress and then his own clothes before Anita knelt between my spread thighs and started to stroke her fingers up and down the smooth skin there. Her thumbs brushed my pussy lips apart and spread my juices around as I rolled my hips. It wasn't long before she replaced her fingers with her tongue, my thighs automatically clamped themselves hard around her head as she started to lick and suck me. I came quickly, arching up off the bed and gripping the sheets as a lovely climax washed over me.

"That looked good," Rick murmured as he watched from beside the bed. "Now suck Anita off!"

She was more than ready for it too, her pussy soaked with love juice. I didn't get up from where I was lying; Anita moved so that she was kneeling astride my face, her musky smell filling my nostrils. I dipped my tongue inside her and she tasted so good that I didn't bother going for the subtle approach, I just lashed at her pussy roughly. She loved it, really grinding down onto my face, her firm boobs dancing about above me as she worked her clitty.

I made Anita come about

three times, each orgasm harder than the last until she was pinching and kneading her own nipples as she drained every last drop of come out of her pussy.

After she'd come that third time, she leant over my face so that I could suck her nipples as she recovered her breath. I felt the bed sag a bit as Rick got onto it behind his wife, feeding his cock into her pussy in one swift movement. I couldn't really see what was going on as Anita's boobs were still in front of my face, but from the way she was moving forward, I could tell that Rick was thrusting hard into her.

"You love it from behind, don't you?" murmured Rick. What with his cock pumping into her and my mouth moving over her aching tits, she didn't know which way to turn. Rick's speed and rhythm increased and I knew he was starting to unload his balls inside her – then abruptly, she rolled out from under him and Rick directed his spunk over of us as we lay back on the bed. After the exertions of the night, the three of us were so knackered and shagged out we fell asleep right there on the bed.

She pushed her tongue deep inside my wet hole

What a start to any couple's honeymoon! The next morning Anita and I left Rick in bed and we headed down to the beach for the day. The beach was deserted, so Anita and I ended up stripping off and sunbathing. Of course, temptation soon got the better of us and when I asked Anita to rub some suntan lotion onto my skin, she knew exactly what to do. Her fingers rubbed the lotion onto my neck and then further down to my boobs.

I gasped as she made little, circular movements with her fingertips, caressing my nipples until they stood to points. Then her mouth moved onto my tits and she sucked them frantically. I pushed her head down and Anita planted kisses on my stomach before going down further. She eased my legs apart and then pushed my bikini bottoms to one side.

I closed my eyes in anticipation as she held open my pussy lips and then started licking me out. I gripped her head tightly, grinding her face into my pussy and it only took a few minutes to reach orgasm, but what an orgasm! I screamed so loud that I was sure we'd attract attention – and we did. I heard the sound of applause and then looked around to see Rick recording the whole thing on video from the hotel balcony! Anita and I then headed back to their suite where I returned the compliment, while Rick watched and wanked himself!

For the rest of that fortnight, the three of us spent a good deal of time together – and we weren't sightseeing! I often wonder what Rick and Anita told their relatives when they asked to see their honeymoon photos – most of them would have been X-rated! – *Sally, Barnsley*

COUPLES CONFESS

Share and share alike

BIG BOY

I'm writing into Club to tell all your readers about the fun and games that my boyfriend, Saul, and I have because, believe me, it's something worth talking about. Saul may have an unusual name, but that isn't the most unusual thing about him by any means – that would have to be his dick! If I told you that it's a monster, I wouldn't be lying. After all, I've had a few cocks in my 21 years and I've studied them all pretty carefully to make sure that I know what I'm talking about.

When I met first Saul he was a shy 18-year-old and I was working at a technical college as a secretary. I guess I had something of a reputation, I was 20 years old with a high sex drive and I was surrounded by horny young men. I would have had to be a nun to resist the charms of all those lads and I have to admit that I had succumbed on quite a few occasions. I mean, what girl wouldn't? I loved to tease the guys so I made sure that I wore short skirts, high heels, stockings and suspenders, especially when I knew that every time I bent over I would give a glimpse of the tops of my stockings and that special little piece of thigh!

Anyway, I'd took quite a shine to Saul the first day I saw him standing in the corridor all studious in his horn-rimmed spectacles. He was different to most of the other lads; his tongue wasn't lolling out of the corner of his mouth and his dick wasn't straining at the zip of his jeans the minute he saw me. That intrigued me. It had been getting too easy of late and I decided to pursue him. I had to find out what this shy, good-looking boy was like in the sack!

It took a while, let me tell you. Probably six months, all-in-all. I tried every trick in the book to get Saul interested but nothing seemed to work. And the more I failed to get his attentions the more frustrated I became. I'd lie in bed just about every night teasing the bud of my clitoris, wanking myself into a total frenzy over Saul, wondering why I couldn't have him when I wanted him. I hadn't thought that all good things came to those who wait...

It was last Christmas and there was a college booze-up on the afternoon after the

place had shut down. It was in the basement bar and I'd gone down with a bunch of students, all of whom seemed intent on getting tanked up and horny. Saul, as usual, was there on his own, but after a few drinks I got up and dragged him over to join our crowd. He needed some Dutch courage to be with so many people so he downed a couple of pints of cider fairly rapidly. Well, what a difference that made! He was soon chatting away with everybody like he'd known them for ages and was making flirtatious comments to me; the kind of stuff that I had never dreamed he would be capable of saying, never mind doing!

After a couple of hours, I thought that the time was ripe and I decided to take matters into my own hands, literally. I got up to go to the toilet, making sure that Saul would be in no doubt that I wanted him to follow me. Sure enough, within a couple of minutes, Saul came walking out of the bar towards the toilets looking for me. I had been waiting for him and we had our first snog in the corridor. It pretty well took my breath away.

Realising that we were right by the pool room, Saul turned to me. "Do you have the keys for this place?" he said, gesticulating in the direction of the locked room, obviously knowing that I had keys to most of the rooms in the building. My pussy juiced up in seconds, I nodded and whispered, "Wait right here!"

I dashed up to my office, fumbled around until I found the right key and was back with Saul in about ten seconds flat. With a quick glance around to make sure that nobody was watching, we unlocked the door, dived in and locked it behind us. We didn't even bother to turn on the light. I reached down to give Saul's dick a squeeze and nearly fainted in excitement. Even through his jeans, I could feel that he had a massive tool in there which made me all the more anxious to get it out.

I wasn't disappointed, it was a great cock! I had never seen one that big before; long and thick with a veiny shaft, a drop of precome oozing out of the top of his bright red helmet. Although it would have been a pleasure to take that dick deep in my throat, I was feeling greedy. At that moment, I just wanted hot cock inside me and I wanted it right away! I was wearing a short skirt, so I had no problem hitching it up around my waist.

"Go on Saul," I whispered, "pull my panties down..." And guess what the horny little bugger did? He dropped to his knees and pulled them down with his teeth, giving my moist pussy a lick as he went down! Well that was it. The minute my knickers were off, I ripped my blouse and bra off and looked over at Saul. I licked the ends of my fingertips and then slid a couple of fingers inside my pussy, withdrawing them quickly as more of an act that anything else. Then I spun on my heels, marched over to the pool table and spread myself so that my bum was poking up in the air waiting for Saul to come and ride me doggy-style.

I licked the ends of my fingertips and then slid a couple of fingers inside my pussy

With such a massive cock you would have thought he might have had some trouble, but it fitted my tight hole like a glove and Saul was soon writhing and bucking, thrusting himself deeper and deeper into me. By this time I wouldn't have cared if the principal of the college had walked in. When Saul finally shot his wad deep inside me, I almost buckled under the power of my own orgasm. It was amazing!

As you can imagine, we slipped off to my flat that night without saying our goodbyes so that we could carry on where we'd left off. And we haven't looked back since.

For someone who I thought was such a shy boy, Saul has sure been a quick learner – or maybe I'm just a

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good teacher?! He's really into sex in the strangest of places. We've fucked in the car park of our local Woolworth's, in the loos of the Newport Centre and even on waste ground next to the police station! Saul is fast becoming an expert and we sometimes watch my collection of blue movies, acting out the dirtiest scenes in the privacy of my living-room. I'd like to buy a video camera so that we can record our own exploits for posterity, but I think he might feel self-conscious watching his outrageously-proportioned tool pumping in and out of my pussy!

Not that Saul was too shy when my pal Lindsay came to stay a few weekends ago. Lindsay is the same age as me but is finishing a course in Aberdeen. The minute she walked through the door I could tell Saul fancied her. But then again, who wouldn't fancy a gorgeous redhead with legs that stretch forever and bright red lips that practically beg to suck cock?! I've never been the jealous sort and I was secretly excited about the thought of a threesome!

She arrived at my place after dinner on the Friday night, having been travelling most of the day. She was fairly tired, although a couple of glasses livened her up. Before we knew it, the three of us were giggling like little kids. I think we all wanted the same thing, but nobody was brave enough to actually come right out with it. Eventually, Lindsay suggested that I should put on a video to liven things up. As I slid one of the cassettes into the machine and some well hung stud screwing a buxom girl popped onto the screen, Lindsay turned to face me. "God, I wouldn't mind meeting someone with a tool as big as that!" I looked over at Saul and grinned.

"How would you like to see one in real life?" I smirked. Saul may have been a bit pissed, but he understood that I was giving him the green light, and he stood up and pulled out his cock! Lindsay's eyes nearly popped out of her head and she looked at me with a grin.

"May I?" she asked. I waved her on, getting increasingly turned on at the prospect of watching my man getting sucked off by my best pal. It was better than any blue movie!

He shot wads of spunk all over her bum cheeks

Lindsay dropped onto her knees, struggling to free her tits from her skintight tee-shirt, while fervently sucking on Saul's cock, then I pulled off my dress so that I could get in on the action. I'd always wondered what it would be like if Lindsay and I went at it and it looked as though I was finally going to get my chance to find out!

Saul came suddenly and with such ferocity that his come spurted out of the sides of Lindsay's mouth and then down dribbled onto her chin. I quickly moved over towards Lindsay and then kissed her, inserting my tongue and tasting my boyfriend's come. Well, that just set us off...

Within seconds we were naked on the floor engaged in a full 69; the taste of Lindsay's salty pussy sending me into sexual ecstasy. I looked up over her curvy bum to see Saul wanking furiously over the two of us until he arched his back and shot his spunk all over her bum cheeks. Then he took great delight in rubbing his warm seed all over Lindsay's skin, coating her bum in a glistening sheen of his come.

As you can imagine, we were fucked until we were bow-legged in a whole night of full-on threesome action. I've never had such a fantastic time in my life and Saul has told me that he can't wait to get even more daring in our sex life.

Well, I think there'll be more than a few willing participants once word of the size of my man's appendage gets around the college, don't you?! – *Heather, Newport* ♣

CiNdY

Photographs by Denys DeFrancesco

When we asked Cindy Smith, a clothes designer from South London, for her fashion hints for the coming summer, we were overjoyed when the 19-year-old insisted on coming into the studio and modelling the outfits herself. "Skimpy little dresses made out of chiffon, and skirts that are so short they only just cover your bits are definitely in," she told us excitedly.

"But best of all, underwear is going to be worn all by itself – with knee-length socks too!" giggles Cindy with a naughty smile. "It's a real pleasure to get dressed down to go out these days – it means a girl hardly has to take anything off at the end of the night!"♣

Photographs by Maria Clarke

miranda

Don't mess with Miranda – she's a girl with attitude! The 21-year-old's spiky high-heeled thigh boots and leatherwear are no mere props... they're all hers!

Yes, this Manchester-born lady is a mean mother – not so much in your face, as on it. "I like dominating men, in fact I insist on it," she purrs sexily. "I'll plant my pussy right

on his face and make him lick me out while I've got his cock in my gloved hand. "He's totally at my mercy," she says with a sexy grin, "and if he's not doing it right, I start to slowly squeeze!" Ouch! I suppose a quiet cup of tea and a Gypsy Cream is out of the question then, Miranda... ♣

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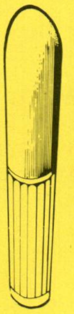

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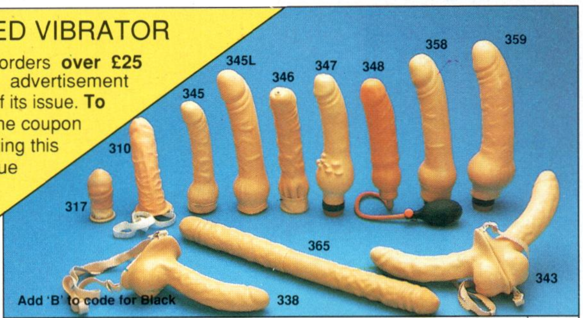

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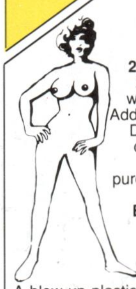

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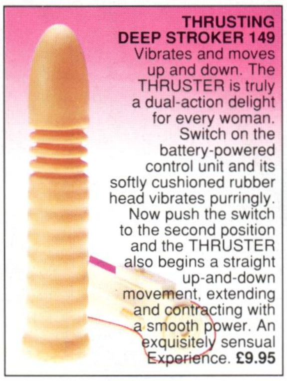

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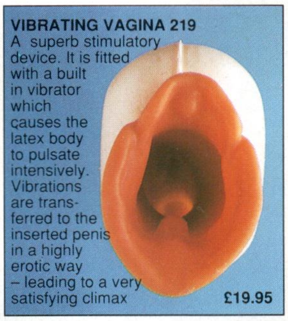

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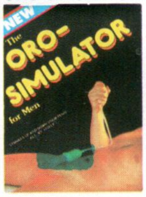

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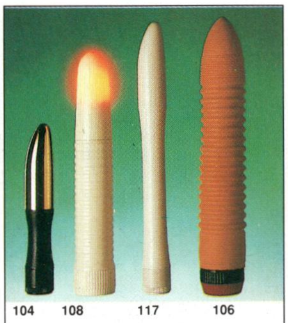

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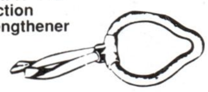

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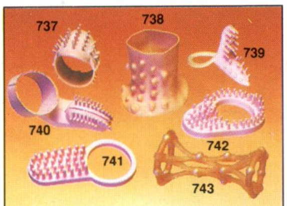

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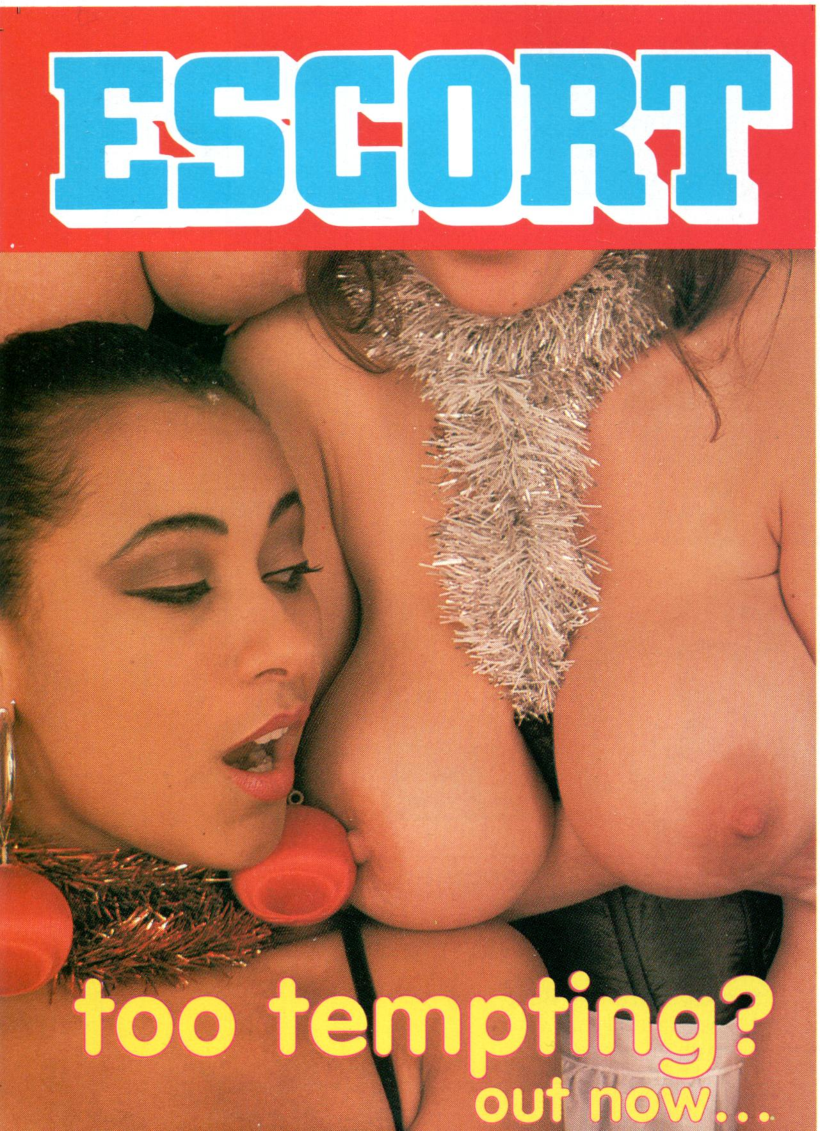
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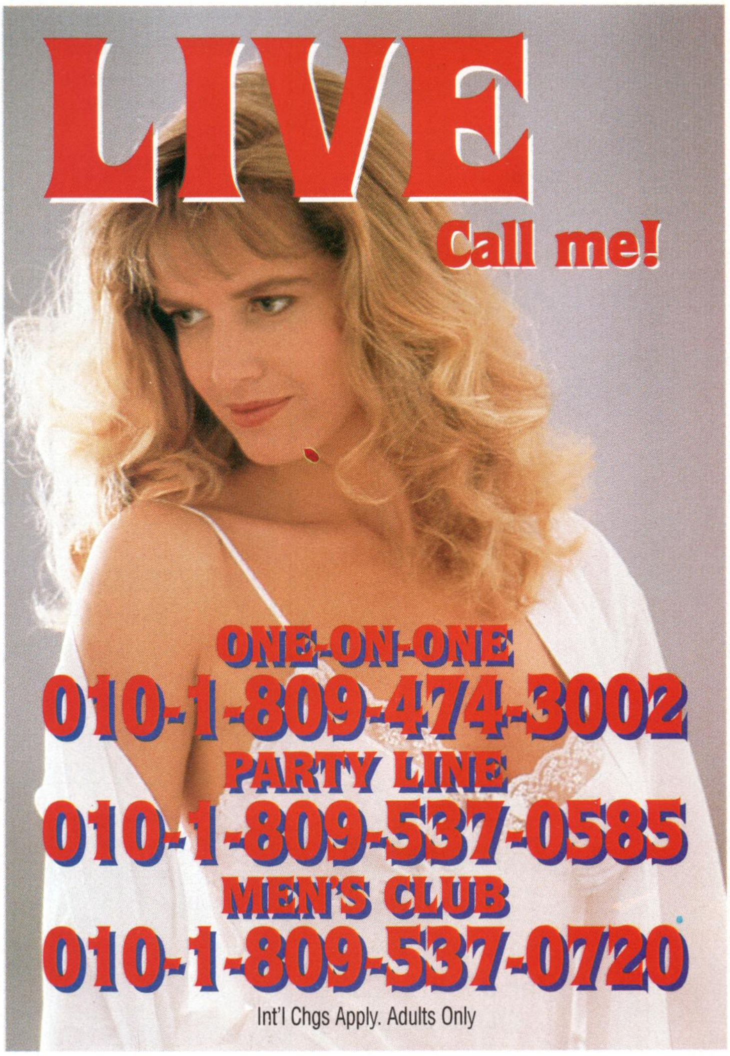
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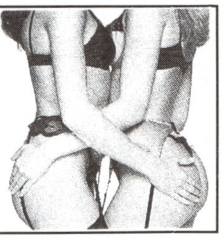

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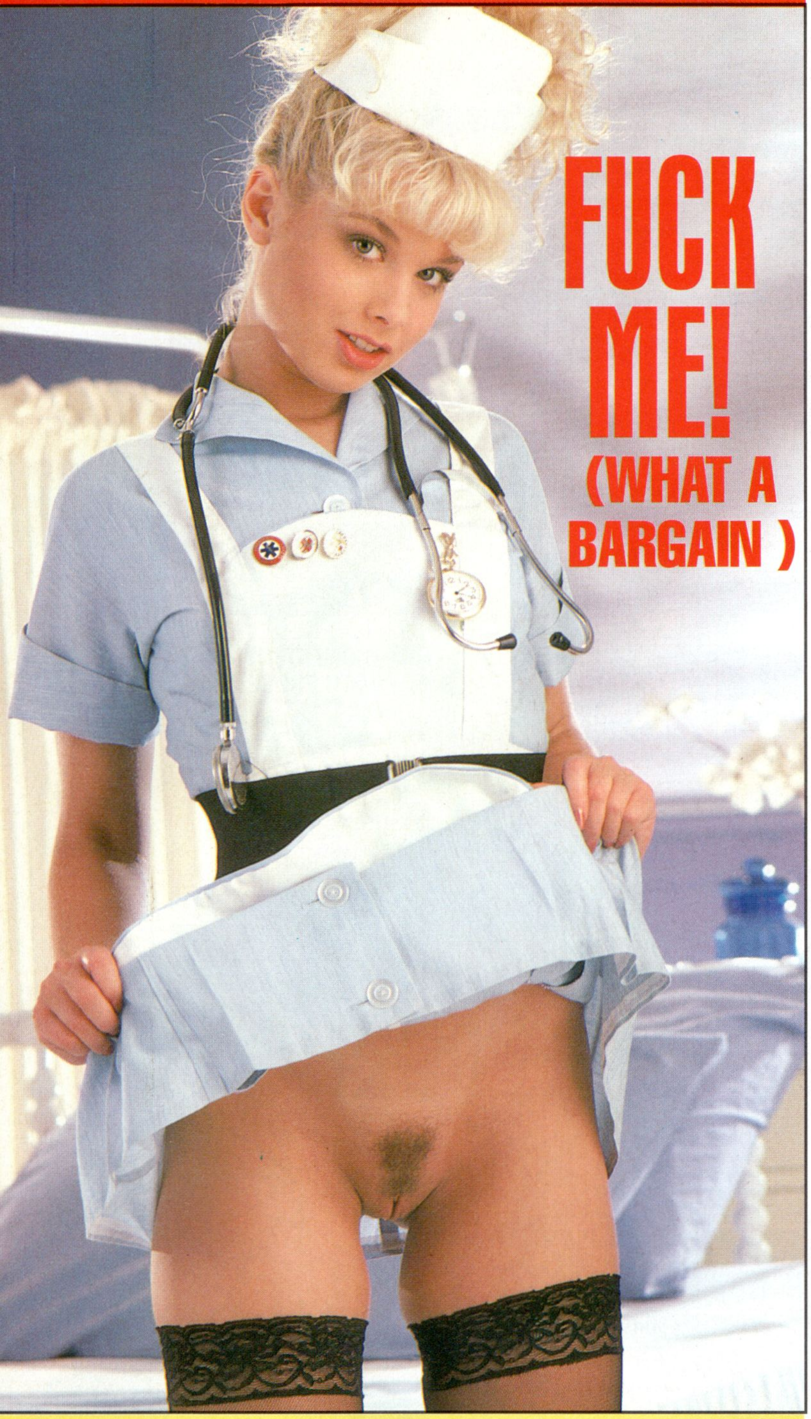

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in the bag

continued from page 44

to pick up. "Now we're here," she giggled, "we'd better make the most of it!"

I pulled her tight against me and ran my hands up and down her body. We kissed passionately, her probing tongue slid in and out of my mouth, then her hand found its way inside my trousers and her fingers closed around my tool. Kelly even managed to take off my clothes off with one hand and wank me with other!

When I was completely naked, she ran her tongue over my chest and down towards my cock. She knelt down on the floor and closed her lips around my bell-end, licking and sucking as hard as she could. It was unbearable and I quickly bucked my hips and my hot come spurted into her mouth. Kelly lapped up every drop and looked up at me. "Now it's your turn," she said.

She slid off her dress to reveal a pair of black silk knickers – but no bra. Her breasts were large and firm with dark nipples and I kissed them, taking her nipples between my teeth and gently chewing on them.

Kelly reached above to an overhead cupboard and took out a pot of honey and smeared a large blob on the crotch of her panties. "Lick it off!" she gasped. She sighed with delight as I greedily licked off the honey before pulling her knickers down around her ankles and getting stuck into her cunt. I worked my tongue around her warm sticky hole until I could feel her entire body tense up and then come forcefully. "Fuck me now," she pleaded urgently.

I wasted no time at all in feeding my cock inside her pussy and she cried out with pleasure as I built up a hard rhythm. We screwed just about everywhere in the canteen; on the tables, against the sink, on the floor and Kelly was writhing around so much we broke a few plates and scattered food everywhere! Kelly must have come three or four times before I finally unloaded what felt like a gallon of spunk inside her.

Later we went back to Kelly's flat where we screwed for the rest of the night. It was a night that I'll never forget and I've arranged to take Kelly out in the near future – I'll let you know how things turn out! – *Robert, London*

FRENCH FANCY

My name is Laura, I'm 26-years-old, very tall with long brown hair and large breasts. Although my boyfriend, Alan, always pleases me in bed, I've often felt that I was missing out on something. Until a recent holiday to Spain I had resigned myself to the fact that my sex life would never be out of the ordinary.

One day during our stay, Alan and I went sunbathing in a secluded cove which we could only reach by rowing boat. For most of the day the beach was deserted, but our peace was disturbed with the arrival of another boat containing another couple.

When they laid down the towels only ten feet away from us, I was a bit annoyed – until the man stripped off to reveal a well-filled pair of swimming trunks and the girl took off her shorts and t-shirt and lay topless on her towel. I found myself staring right at the girl's tanned breasts as I imagined slowly running my tongue over her erect nipples. I only snapped out of my daydream when the man jumped up and then headed off for a swim.

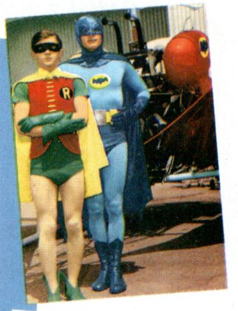
The girl, a lithe, attractive blonde with big boobs, was lying on her front directly below me and I noticed that she was staring right between my legs. She must have had a great view of my plump pussy and I must admit that I felt incredibly horny that she was watching me so intently. I decided to really give her something to look at and I reached over and began to gently rub Alan's cock whilst fixing her with a salacious grin. Her eyes lit up and a smile spread across

continued on page 98

IN AND OUT

Your guide to this month's Cliftons and Hulls...

IN	OUT
X-Large	Patrick Cox
O.J. Simpson	Jamie Blandford
Skeletor	Biker Mice From Mars
Batman & Robin	Beavis & Butthead
Vaseline	KY Jelly
Swinging	Shaking
Seventies Rovers	Nineties pit bulls
Being unfaithful	Planning for the future
Beastie Boys	Fem 2 Fem
Saddle sniffing	Glue sniffing ♣



jemma

Photographs by Viv Thomas

"Stripe me!" as the mock cockneys beloved of American tourists would say. "It's a right tasty doll from Peckham peeling off her zebra-print pants." Sadly, our saucy South Londoner can't be doing with people like that. "I can't be doing with tourists!" says the 20-

year-old. "The Americans are noisy and the French and Italians too bloody randy. My bum gets black and blue just walking across Leicester Square!"

Jemma prefers more subtle seduction... Deep, moist kisses over a candlelit dinner, then a long snog on her sumptuous sofa.

Finally to bed and a lengthy licking of her nipples and pussy before a sublimely slow screw to Dire Straits. "Bloomin' great, eh?" she says. She sure is... ♣

COMING IN club

HEY, JUDY!

Has Judy got what it takes to make you buy the next scandalous issue of Club International? She certainly hopes so, or all those hours spent playing with her naughty pink nipples and juicy pussy, imagining what you'll say when you see her with her trendy little kit off, will have gone to waste. So do Judy a favour and meet her right here a month from now. ♣

Volume 23 Number 10 on sale September 8th

in the bag

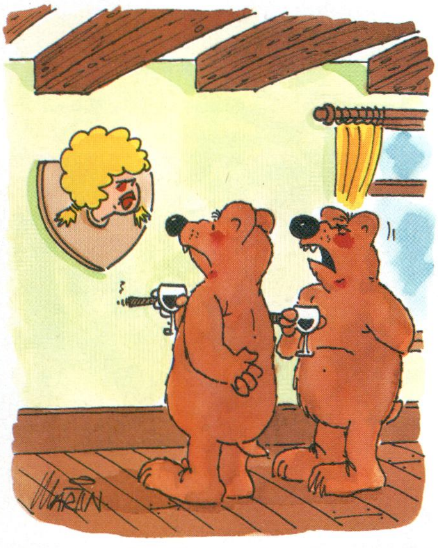
continued from page 90

her face so I went a step further...

Taking my hand away from Alan's cock, I parted my legs and slid my hand inside my bikini. My pussy felt warm and wet and I began gently rubbing my clitty and moaning softly. I leant over towards Alan and whispered that I wanted to taste another woman's pussy – he eagerly nodded in approval.

Alan made his excuses and went off into the water while I asked my new friend if she wouldn't mind massaging some suntan lotion into my back. She replied immediately in a horny French accent, "I thought you'd never ask," she drawled sexily. "My name is Natasha, what's yours?"

"I'm Laura," I breathed huskily. "And I'm feeling very horny!"



Nobody eats my fucking porridge and gets away with it!

Natasha told me to lie back on my towel and she sat astride me. I gasped in delight as she squeezed the oil onto my stomach and then started gently rubbing it in. She fixed me with a stunning smile as her hands moved slowly upwards and she caressed my erect nipples. I was mesmerised and I reached up and started running my fingertips over Natasha's nipples. The two of us were transfixed as we explored each other's body and then Natasha suddenly lifted herself off and reached into her picnic box.

She pulled out a bottle of champagne, uncorked it and then took a long, lingering drink. I watched as the golden liquid cascaded down over her chin and then onto her tits. I couldn't resist any longer and I moved towards her and started planting kisses all over her boobs. Natasha pulled me down on top of her and we started kissing each other frenziedly.

Just then I heard the sound of clapping and I looked to see that Alan and the other fella (Pierre) were standing watching the two of us. "Why don't we give them something to really cheer about?" I asked Natasha. She nodded and I grabbed the champagne and poured some over her stomach. I traced a line with my tongue down to her bikini bottoms and then pulled them down to her ankles.

Natasha had a neatly trimmed bush and I parted her legs and then plunged my tongue inside her. As soon as my lips touched her pussy, I couldn't believe what I'd been missing as I tasted her for the first time. I looked up to see her face contorted with pleasure and I began to increase the pace until she screamed out and orgasmed.

Alan and Pierre stood there open-mouthed with their trunks bulging and I decided to let them in on the action. I ushered them over and then I pulled Pierre towards me and Natasha got to grips with Alan. "Let's see who can make them come first," I giggled. "Ready, steady – go!"

I practically ripped off Pierre's trunks and was greeted by the sight of a lovely thick circumcised cock. I didn't waste a second and I greedily wrapped my lips around his helmet and started bobbing my head up and down, taking his cock deep into my mouth.

Meanwhile, Natasha had poured suntan oil all over Alan's cock and was wanking him off with her tits. Alan looked blissfully happy as he pushed his cock upwards between her tits and Natasha licked his bell-end on each upward thrust.

Each time Pierre looked like he was about to come, I'd give his cock a little squeeze and then build his orgasm up all over again. Natasha realised what I was doing and did the same until both of them were practically blue in the face!

"Okay, that's enough!" I laughed. "You've got to come all over us now!" I pulled Natasha onto the sand beside me and urged the lads to shoot their loads all over us.

It was an amazing sight to see both their thick cocks pumping wildly and coating Natasha and myself in thick wads of sticky come and I wasted no time in licking the salty liquid off her skin.

As a finale we treated Pierre and Alan to a little lezzie show, Natasha and I in a 69 position noisily slurping and licking each other's pussy – I don't think that they could really believe their eyes!

We saw a lot of Natasha and Pierre over the next few days – and let's just say that I was eating French for a quite a few nights after that! – *Laura,*

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147 Marina from Poland

A girl with hair on her chest who takes part in a water sports extravaganza! Yes its true, Marina is a 28 year old dark haired Polish girl who's very hairy with several long hairs on her breasts. Some men find that very sexy. We found what she was prepared to do for money very bizarre. Marina mightn't be the prettiest woman (far from it) but she make up for that by being overly adventurous in the vaginal department.

This video shows Marina indulging in all types of water sports, doing it. Doing it on a man. Doing it on a woman. Marina having a woman do it on her.

Regular sex follows: missionary, doggy style and some positions you'd think no woman would allow herself to be seen in, especially not in front of the camera. This is a truly kinky video. It is only recommended for fans of extreme water sports who are not easily shocked. If you want to see Marina doing water sports and having people do it on her - this is for you, but remember you have been warned.

It can be yours for only £19.99

149 Maxine - The College Girl

To me this is the best ever College Girl Video. If you enjoy teenage girls in their first flush of experience, you'll go mad for Maxine. What's so great about this video? Everything. The crystal clear clarity of the picture, the whole feeling of how genuine everything is ... you almost 'touch' the electric atmosphere. Maxine's boyfriend, Paul, insisted on staying in the room with her. At 18 years of age, she looked good enough to eat. One of the first things you see on this video, is me having a go with her - rubbing her amazingly firm little budding bosoms and licking those precocious innocent nipples.She kept looking at Paul as if unsure how he would react to her brazenness but he just seemed to get very turned on by it all. I was ready to do it with her as soon as I saw her and I only lasted a few minutes. Anyhow, Duncan our regular big boy stud took over. He rolled Maxine over and immediately gave her a good seeing to and ends by doing it over her face. Then it's over - she's done.

Join the fan club - get the video for only £19.99

152 Denise - Strict Madam

Denise is a Dominatrix. She is into dominating men and in this video she shows us what she's best at. The man is humiliated and humiliated again. He goes through all the extremities of the perversion, although he enjoys such treatment and he always manages to do something wrong so that he may be punished. He is dressed as a maid and has to wash her parts and then carefully dry and comb them but just let him dare make one wrong move not directly to do with his task! Look at him - pathetic wretch, in his neat and tidy skirt and pinny. He looks such a fool as she uses him. As a reward for being good, he is allowed to clean her leather boots - with his tongue. He goes too far and begs to be allowed to kiss her intimately. No! So instead, he steals a kiss of her bare flesh. She gets angry (genuinely so) and scolds him like a dog. If you're into female domination - great. If you want to expand your sexual horizons, let Mistress Denise show you how great domination and bondage can be. **Yours for only £19.99**

153 Sharon - "At least twice a day"

Sharon is a young lady with a rare difference - she loves sex! Sharon's almost addicted to sex! She's young, she's beautiful (don't believe me, just take a close look at her) and she's always on the lookout for different men to satisfy her sexual desires. The first part of this horny video shows Sharon doing it with her current boyfriend, Ian. There is complete, uninhibited intimacy as they rut away until Ian loses his load all over her face. It's a lovely scene where I got close-up after close-up especially when she starts to rub it all into her body. Sharon next pairs up with Clive, a 34 year old black man. Now, I've always wanted to see a white girl getting reamed out by the proverbially big black buck and here you get everything with a few extra dirty refinements thrown in, some of them only possible because of his prodigious size.To finish her off, Rob then shaves Sharon down there, a favour she returns before they get down to some serious action that can now be caught in even sharper detail.

"At least twice a day" Sharon is yours on Video for only £19.99

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